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THE

CANADIAN

BAPTIST HYMN BOOK.

"Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee." PSALM LXVII. 5.

James Cooper

TORONTO:
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1873.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

This new Hymn Book, prepared for the use of the Baptist Churches of Canada, is the work of a Committee appointed by the Baptist Home Missionary Convention of Ontario. The members of that Committee were Rev. James Cooper, D.D., Rev. Thomas L. Davidson, D.D., Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D.D., Rev. J. C. Hurd, M.D., and Rev. William Stewart, B.A. In the preparation of the work, the Committee have endeavoured to make the most judicious selection from the ample materials at their command; and they respectfully dedicate it to the Churches, with the prayer that He, who is "exalted above all praise," may make it a great blessing in the Service of Song in the house of the Lord.

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HYMNS.

GENERAL WORSHIP.

1 C. M.

Let us draw near.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by. WATTS.

2 L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful Throne.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care.
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

3 L. M.

Universal Praise.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

SCOTCH VERSION.

4 H. M.

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;

Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

2 But oh, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow;
Your voices raise
Ye highly blest;
Above the rest
Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice, inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise,
My heart and tongue,
And tune my song
To lively praise. ANNA STEELE.

5 L. M.

Joyful Worship.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure. WATTS.

6

8s & 7s.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

ANON.

7

C. M.

Praise God, all ye his Servants.

1 PRAISE God, ye gladdening smiles of morn;
Praise him, O silent night;
Tell forth his glory all the earth;
Praise him, ye stars of light.

2 Praise him, ye stormy winds, that rise
Obedient to his word;
Mountains and hills and fruitful trees,
Join ye and praise the Lord.

3 Praise him, ye heavenly hosts, for ye
With purer lips can sing:
Glory and honour, praise and power,
To him, the eternal King.

4 Praise him, ye saints, who here rejoice
To do his heavenly will;
The incense of whose prayers ascends
Upon his altar still.

5 Praise him, all works of his that own
His Spirit's blest control,
O Lord my God, how great art thou!
Bless thou the Lord, my soul!

ANNA SHIPTON.

8

The High and Lofty One. L. M.

1 ETERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Thee when the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings.

2 Lord! what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The great, the holy, and the high."

3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS.

9

11s & 8s.

God Praised in the Sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people; his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand. MONTGOMERY.

10 10s & 11s.

God Glorious.

1 OH, worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned with splendour, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath, the deep thunder-cloud's form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

4 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.
SIR H. GRANT.

11 L. M.

Universal Praise.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah!—'tis a glorious word;
Oh, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord. WATTS.

12 L. M.

Praise to the Great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

TATE & BRADY.

13 L. M.

Praise and Holy Fear.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

3 Come, seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest. WATTS.

14 H. M.

Earth's Response to Heaven.

1 SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Oh, spread the joyful sound!
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through his name:
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

JAMES T. CUMMINS.

15 7s.

Praise the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his courts above,
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace,—
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the service bear your parts:
All that breathe, your Lord adore:
Praise him, praise him, evermore! LYTE.

16 7s.

Songs of Praise.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

17 S. M.

Bless the Lord.

1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
Then, like the eagle, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

MONTGOMERY.

18 L. P. M.

Praise at all Times.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. WATTS.

19 C. M.

Praise and Holy Fear.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest." WATTS.

20 L. M.

God's Glory praised.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

BLACKLOCK.

21 L. M.

Happiness in Worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

WATTS.

22 C. P. M.

Delight in the Character of God.

1 PARENT of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
In them thy glories shine:
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
Still more attract my mind;
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
In all their various rays complete,
With truth and justice join'd.

3 Thy love is my unfailing store,
Thy light in darkness I implore,
To set my heart at rest:
Were I depriv'd of all below,
And thou thy gracious smile bestow,
I should be richly blest.

4 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish ev'ry painful fear
That can my soul invade:
Should earth and hell against me join,
The beamings of thy love divine
Would give me sov'reign aid.

5 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
May I be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

ANDERSON'S COLLECTION.

23 C. M.

Penitence.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Our God's our Father too.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it or denies.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE.

24 C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

25

S. M.

Bless the Lord forever and ever.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore! MONTGOMERY.

26

8s, 7s & 4s.

The Spirit of Worship.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

THOMAS KELLY.

27 C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name:
Thy kingdom come: thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

DR. A. JUDSON.

28 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

SHIRLEY

29 C. M.

The heavenly sanctuary

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear;
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

JERVIS

30 8s, 7s & 4s.

Redemption.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us :
Praise his ever gracious name ;
Praise him that he lives to bless us,
Now and evermore the same.
Precious Saviour !
We would all thy love proclaim.

2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding,
Brought thee down to save the lost ;
Ye above, his throne surrounding,
Praise him, praise him, all his host.
Saints adore him,
Ye are they that owe him most.

3 Bright with all his crowns of glory,
See the Royal Victor's brow ;
Once for sinners marr'd and gory—
See the Lamb exalted now ;
While before him,
All his ransom'd brethren bow.

4 Blessed morning ! long expected,
Lo ! they fill the peopled air,
Mourners once, by man rejected,
They, with him exalted there,
Sing his praises,
And his throne of glory share.

5 King of kings ! let earth adore him,
High on his exalted throne ;
Fall, ye nations, fall before him,
And his righteous sceptre own
All the glory
Be to him, and him alone.

ANON.

31 C. M.

The Resurrection Day.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise. WATTS.

32 L. M.

The Day of Rest.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

J. STENNETT.

33 L. M.

Praise to God for his Blessings.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In works so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains. WATTS.

34 S. M.

The Sabbath Welcome.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

BULLFINCH.

35 L. M.

Rejoicing in the Lord's Day.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing.
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HUTTON.

36 C. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

37 S. M.

Welcome, sweet Day of Rest.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself a way
To everlasting bliss. WATTS.

38 C. M.

The World banished.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

MRS. BARBAULD.

39 C. M.

Anticipating Worship.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

WATTS.

40 L. M.

Joy in Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

41

C. M.

Longing for the House of God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

WATTS.

42 H. M

Longing for God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode,
My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet. WATTS.

43 C. M.

Prayer for the Sanctuary.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God! we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne. LYIE.

44 7s.

A Blessing requested.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all:
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, oh send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God. KELLY.

45 H. M.

Hail to the Day of Rest.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest;
From low desires
And fleeting toys,
I soar to reach
Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:

Let sinners feel
Thy quickening word,
And learn to know
And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul
New life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be
Enjoyed in vain. HAYWARD.

46 C. M.

Praise for the Lord's Day.

1 AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours refulgent day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh, what a Sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail the happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

MRS. BARBAULD.

47 L. M.

Aspirations for the Eternal Rest.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

48 C. M.

Love of Lord's Day Services.

1 HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to heaven! MRS. FALLEN.

49

7s

Give us thy Blessing.

1 TO thy temple we repair,—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

MONTGOMERY

50

C. M

Delight in the House of God.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns. WATTS.

51 L. M.

Joy of the Sanctuary.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun,—he makes our day;
God is our shield,—he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore. WATTS.

52 S. M.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

4 But oh, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime,
Where all thy servants meet.

URWICK'S COLLECTION.

53 L. M.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires,
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour,—for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

RAFFLES.

54 S. M.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven. LYTE.

55 L. M.

Worshipping God in his Temple.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join the nobler worship there. WATTS.

56 L. M

God resorted to in Trouble.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide. WATTS

57 C. M

Delight in Worship.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

3 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore. WATTS.

58 L. M.

Christ ever present in his Churches.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell within the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

COWPER

59 7s.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

JOHN NEWTON.

60 H. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned,
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
The angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

R. SCOTT

MORNING.

61 L. M.

A Morning Invocation.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite. KEN.

62 L. M.

Dependence on God.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

3 A deeper shade will soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

4 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

63

L. M. 6L.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eternal skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O, Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,—
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

64

L. M.

The Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

WATTS.

65 C. M.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats:
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise,
My sins would raise his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light:
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

WATTS.

EVENING.

66 L. M.

Evening Reflections.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

67 L. M.

Trusting God.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be thou my guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill. KEN.

68 C. M.

Delight in Evening Devotions.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er.
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. P. H. BROWN.

69 8s & 7s.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

70

L. M.

Safety in God.

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh.
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

71

L. M.

Grateful acknowledgment.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

TRINITY.

72 8s, 7s & 4s.

Glory to the Trinity.

1 GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sing;
"Honour, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! ANON.

73 H. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 WE give immortal praise,
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:

And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails,
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores. WATTS.

74 7s.

Honour to God's Name.

1 TO the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven and earth and sea,
Blessing, praise and glory be.

2 To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be an endless honour paid.

3 To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

4 This, the song of ages past,
Song that shall forever last;
Let the ages yet to be
Join the joyful melody. BONAR.

75 6s & 4s

The Presence of the Trinity desired.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One-in-Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. C. WESLEY.

76 L. M.

Praise to Father, Son and Spirit.

1 PRAISES to him whose love has given,
In Christ his Son, the Life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to him in grace who came,
To bear our woe and sin and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God,—
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow;
To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

BONAR.

77 L. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 All praise to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
The fount of life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore. WATTS

GOD.

ATTRIBUTES.

78 C. M.

Eternity of God.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

TATE & BRADY.

79 C. M.

Infinitude of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite thou art!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all thy race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite are thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

WATTS.

80 C. M

Omniscience.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love. WATTS.

81 L M.

Omniscience.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there. WATTS.

82 L. M

God with us everywhere.

1 O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GUION.

83 L. M.

Omnipresence.

1 WHERE can we hide or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view,
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there throughout all worlds one spot,
One lonely wild where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

NOEL'S COLLECTION.

84 L. M.

God searches the Heart.

1 THOU know'st me, Lord; 'tis thine to view
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
When up I rise, when down I lie,
I still am in thine awful eye.

2 My inmost thought, my lightest word,
By thee is seen, by thee is heard,
Thy wonder-working hand I find
Around, before me, and behind.

3 Where from thy presence could I flee?
Where find a refuge, Lord, from thee?
From heaven thou shin'st in glory down,
And hell is darkened by thy frown.

4 On morning's wings beyond the sea
I fly, but cannot fly from thee,
I plunge me in the depths of night;
One look from thee makes darkness light.

5 Father of mercy, God of grace,
I cannot, would not shun thy face;
No, be it rather mine to prove
An Omnipresent God of love. ANON.

85 C. M

Goodness of God.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly, thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven. GIBBONS.

86 L. M.

Infinite Perfections of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadows of thy wing.

4 In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste. WATTS.

87 L. M.

God of all Goodness.

1 GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven, with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its actions start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross,—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

S. S. CUTTING.

88 S. M.

The Mercy of God.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed. WATTS.

89 C. M.

Divine Protection.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. WATTS

90 L. M.

Grateful praise.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy power and glory show. WATTS.

91 C. M.

Truth and Goodness of God.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

MONTGOMERY.

92 L. M.

Divine Perfections.

1 THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain. WATTS.

93 C. M.

Praise for God's Goodness.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thy anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing. WATTS.

94 . . . . . S. M.

Divine Compassion.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. WATTS.

95

C. M

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest form of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see. NEEDHAM.

96

C. M.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that God is love.

3 Behold, his loving hindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

GEORGE BURDER.

97 C. M.

God protects his people.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 Oh, make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

TATE & BRADY.

98 C. P. M.

The Love of God.

1 OH, wondrous, vast, surpassing love,
The theme of heavenly hosts above,
And of the saints below!
We only know in part while here;
But when in glory we appear,
Then shall we fully know.

2 It is a mystery divine
Where justice, mercy, truth, combine
God's glory to display!
His righteousness is satisfied,
Since Christ for us in love hath died,
And borne our curse away.

3 'Midst all the changing scenes around,
In this no change can e'er be found,
For God himself is love.
Though earthly things shall all decay,
And heaven and earth shall pass away,
Yet this shall ne'er remove.

4 Once loved in Christ, forever loved!
God's counsel'd purpose stands unmov'd,
Eternally the same:
And when we change this house of clay,
We shall throughout eternal day
God's endless love proclaim! ANON.

99 L. M.

God worthy of all Praise.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

CREATING AND GOVERNING.

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100 L. M.

The eternal Throne of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

WATTS.

101 L. M.

The Heavens declare God's Glory.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiants orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

ADDISON

102 C. M.

God the Builder of all Things.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

5 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there. WATTS.

103 C. M.

Benevolence of God's Decrees.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned. HERVEY.

104 C. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
But God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. COWPER.

105 L. M.

Rejoice, for the Lord reigneth.

1 THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

He reigns : ye saints, exalt your strains :
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

5 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King ! CONDER

106 L. M.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty :
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine. WATTS.

107 C. M.

God our Defence.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee :
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
Oh, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend:
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend? TATE & BRADY.

108 L. M.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 The deep decrees from our dim sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me if love divine,
At length, through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine; this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

ANNA STEELE

109 L. M.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God:
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

WATTS.

110 S M.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise. WATTS.

111 L. M.

Submission to God's Decrees.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth and air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. BEDDOME.

112 C. M.

God the Trust of his Saints.

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassion, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

MONTGOMERY.

113 L. M.

God our Refuge.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

WATTS.

114 C M.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds a book,
In which his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

4 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And casts the monarch down.

5 In thy fair Book of Life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

115 L. M. 61.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

116 L. M.

Light in Darkness.

1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that or this thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly trust thee still.

RAY PALMER.

117 C. M.

The God of Bethel.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

DODDRIDGE

118 C M

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

119

C M.

The Shepherd.

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

SCOTCH VERSION.

120

8s & 7s

God is Love.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens—
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never—
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth—
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth—
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

121

C. M.

The Believer's Safety.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.

5 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home. WATTS.

122

L. M. 6L.

Providence and Grace reviewed.

1 CAN I forget the wondrous ways
By which thou hast thy servant led
Through a long, lonely wilderness?
How strangely kept, how strangely fed!
Tempted and proved by hopes and fears,
I roved for many tedious years.

2 Provoked, thou didst not quite depart,
But further yet the Spirit tried,
And showed the evil of my heart,
The stubborness, deceit, and pride,
My depth of unbelief to prove,
And groan beneath thy humbling love.

3 Thy love's design I now perceive;
Me to myself that love hath shown,
Justly thou didst thy servant leave,
To come again and claim thine own;
To save, when all my griefs were past,
And do me endless good at last. ANDERSON.

123 C. M.

Perseverance.

1 BELIEVERS now are tossed about,
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures, beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.

2 They must, they shall appear one day
Before their Saviour's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way
But make his power known.

3 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

4 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
Yet, since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last. J. NEWTON.

REDEEMING.

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124 L. M.

Bless the Lord, O my Soul.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine. WATTS.

125 L. M.

Praise for Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach the happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

126 L. M.

Praise for Redeeming Grace.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

NEEDHAM.

127 C. M.

Triumphing in the Grace of God.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King. WATTS.

128 C. M.

Loving Kindness of the Lord.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

ANNA STEELE.

129 L. M.

God's Love seen in Christ.

1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

3 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

4 O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest! BONAR.

130 C. M.

Faithfulness of God.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words would raise my song
To notes almost divine. WATTS.

131 C. M.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love. WATTS.

132 C. M.

The heavenly Zion.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth,
These distant courts I love;
But O! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more. DODDRIDGE.

133 C. M.

Persevering Grace.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his Word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near—
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then, what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too. NEWTON.

134 S. M.

Divine Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the won'drous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

135 L. M.

Home.

1 A CAPTIVE here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour "eye to eye."

2 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness my path attends.

3 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

4 The hope that such a day will come
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we're distant far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet. ANON.

136 C. M.

Persevering Grace.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways
Conduct me in thy fear:
And grant me such supplies of grace
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease:
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace. ANON.

CHRIST.

HIS ADVENT.

137 H. M

Christ's Birth.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear;
Now all is still; now wild it floats
In tuneful notes, loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 The angelic hosts descend
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join.
"Fear not," say they; "great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

3 "He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise; with sons of light
Your songs unite of endless praise.

4 "Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly,
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth."

SALISBURY COLLECTION.

138 7s.

The Angels' Song.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see:
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!" C. WESLEY.

139 C. M.

The Advent.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hail! Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end. MEDLEY.

140 *The Song of the Angels.* 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest,—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

CAWOOD.

141 *The Watch of the Shepherds.* C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their cheerful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease!" TATE.

142 C. M.

The Lord is Come.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. WATTS.

143 C. M.

Object of Christ's Advent.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

144 C. M.

Coming to Save.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak. WATTS.

145 L. M.

The Birth of Christ.

1 ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

2 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

3 Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

4 All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

M. LUTHER.

146 8s & 7s.

The Saviour Welcomed.

1 HAIL! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

C. WESLEY.

HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

147 L. M.

Christ our Example.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. WATTS.

148 L. M.

The Great Teacher.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
The voice of Jesus filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

149 C. M.

The Perfect Friend.

1 BEHOLD, where in the Friend of man
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found:
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He laboured for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

W. ENFIELD.

150 C. M.

Miracles of Christ.

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend
When clad in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David, hear, oh, hear,
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Oh, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; oh, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

CURTIS'S COLLECTION.

151

8s & 7s.

Cry of Bartimeus.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David,"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

4 Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!" NEWTON.

152

L. M.

Our Lovely Pattern.

1 HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. COXE.

153 C. M.

Imitation of Christ.

1 IN duties and in suffering too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth and love
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine. BEDDOME.

154 8s & 7s.

Calming the Storm.

1 FIERCELY came the tempest sweeping,
Down the lake of Galilee;
But the ship where Christ lay sleeping
Might not sink in that wild sea.
When he rose, the tempest chiding,
When he bade the waters rest;
Calm the little ship went gliding
On the blue lake's quiet breast.

2 And the white waves rushing past her,
Round her keel lay smooth and still;
For the wild waves knew their Master,
And the waves obeyed his will.
Thou who heard'st those seamen pleading,
Waking at their anguish cry—
Sleep not now, when comfort needing,
Saviour, unto thee we fly.

3 When at night our homes are shaken,
And the howling winds we hear—
As in terror we awaken,
Keep us safe from harm and fear.
When the waves of pride, or anger,
Rise to vex our hearts within;
Keep us from a greater danger,
From the passion storms of sin. ANON.

155 L. M.

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove,
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

4 God calms the tumult and the storm:
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.

5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While trembling nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid." J. E. SMITH.

156 C. M.

Christ with us.

1 OH, where is he that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?

2 The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here,
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee:
To leap, to look, to hear,

4 Be thine: thy needs he'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

T. T. LYNCH.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

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157 L. M.

Gethsemane.

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

TAPPAN.

158 C. M.

The Agony of the Garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner: see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray. HAWEIS.

159 C. M

"Of whom I am Chief."

1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognise my own.

3 I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

4 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

5 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within. BONAR.

160 S. M.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high,
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne. DODDRIDGE.

161 L. M.

The Crucifixion.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace—
Those thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

CUNNINGHAM.

162 L. M.

"Behold the Man!"

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Grief, condemned for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs! exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

3 Behold his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Oh, thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move?
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

C. WESLEY

163 8s, 7s & 4s.

"It is finished!"

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS.

164 C. M.

"It is finished!"

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 "My God," he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend,
The gate of death in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished; now the ransom's paid!
Receive my soul!" he cries:
Behold, he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine? S. WESLEY.

165 *Christ Expiring upon the Cross.* L. M.

1 "'TIS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—this, his dying groan,
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

C. STENNET.

166 *He gave Himself for Me.* C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. WATTS.

167 C. M.

A Pilgrim Sufferer.

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart, that felt for all,
For all, its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord: and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill. BONAR.

168 H. M.

The Efficacious Fountain.

1 FROM thy dear, pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul
There I would lay,
Till every stain
Is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe,
And bathe again,
Till not a wound
Or woe remain.

3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount
Will I repair;
Come, sinners, come,
There's mercy there. BEDDOME.

169 L. M.

The Grace of God in Christ.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne. WATTS.

HIS RESURRECTION.

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170 C. M.

Christ is Risen.

1 THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings:

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered he has lain;
But he has mastered death, is risen,
And now death wears the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the risen King!"

5 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

A. R. THOMPSON

171

Day of Triumph. 7s.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER.

172 7s.

Praise for the Resurrection.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour: seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

GIBBONS

173 L. M. D.

The Resurrection.

1 HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,—
Of heavenly peace and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.
Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son,
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

2 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.
Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope, with gladness, raised her head.

WARDLAW

174 L. M.

"The Lord is Risen indeed!"

1 THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph he has come!

3 When the amaz'd disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy was stirred;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
Our hearts possess; on thee we wait;
Help us to render praises due
To thee, the endless ages through. ANON.

175 C. M.

Blest Morning.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay:
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day. WATTS.

176 H. M.

The Redeemer Rose.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground and sink away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry—"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

DODDRIDGE.

177 L. M.

The Empty Tomb.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death;
Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold—
A crown of joy, when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

WALLIN

178 S. M.

He Rose for Our Justification.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead,
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on his name—
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

ANON.

179 H. M.

Happy Morn.

1 THE happy morn is come;
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since his rich blood was spilt;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

3 Now the ungodly dare
The holy God draw near;
Justice itself declares
No cause remains for fear;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
The victory is won;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

5 Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection thou!
We bless thy sacred Word,
Before thy throne we bow;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

180 7s.

"Risen, as He said."

1 HAIL to thee, our risen King!
Joyfully thy praise we sing;
For, the mighty conflict o'er,
Now thou livest evermore.

2 Thou within the tomb has slept,
Angel guards thy vigil kept;
'Twas their word to Mary brought
Tidings of the Lord she sought.

3 "Seek him not among the dead,
He is risen, as he said:"
Gladdened by the angelic word,
Turning, she beheld her Lord.

4 Fain, like Mary, Lord, would we
In thy glorious presence be;
Hear thy voice and see thy face,
Praise thee for thy wondrous grace.

ANON.

181 S. M.

Redemption Completed.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinners' cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

KELLY.

HIS ASCENSION.

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182 L. M.

Death, Resurrection and Ascension.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

WATTS.

183 C. M.

Ascension.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise. WATTS.

184 L. M.

Glories attending Christ's Ascension.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all, in chains, like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS.

HIS INTERCESSION.

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185 L. M.

The Perfect Plea.

1 BEFORE the throne of God above,
I have a strong, a perfect plea:
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands;
My name is written on his heart;
Oh, know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 Behold him there, the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.

6 One with himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high—
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

186 C. M.

High Priest.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honours crowned,—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne. DODDRIDGE.

187 L. M.

The Glorious Advocate.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

3 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine!
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

ANNE STEELE.

188 C. M.

Christ a Merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

WATTS.

189 L. M.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye dark despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE.

HIS DOMINION.

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190 C. M.

"Lord of All."

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PERRONET.

191

8s & 7s.

Adoration of Christ.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favour,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee, our Saviour! thee, our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his Word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee, our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honours, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Freely flows for evermore.

WILLIAM SOODE.

L. M. D.

192 *Christ's Work and Reign.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice; in heavenly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

2 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

WATTS.

C. M.

193 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. WATTS.

194

L. M.

Hail to the Prince.

1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well!

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends!
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

195

8s, 7s & 4s

Crown Him.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels, crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name!
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings and Lord of lords!

KELLY.

196 L. M.

Praise to Jesus.

1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours!
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want, while God endures;
Ye cannot fail, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And, when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

KELLY.

197 L. M.

Blessing and Honour to the Lamb.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say "Amen." WATTS.

198 8s & 7s.

Christ Enthroned and Worshipped.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King." KELLY.

199

8s & 7s.

Christ Enthroned.

1 CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain:
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above, and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine. ANON.

200

7s.

A Victorious Saviour.

1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Conqueror's head;
Crowns of glory are his right,—
His, "who liveth and was dead."

2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

3 His the battle, his the toil;
His the honours of the day;
His the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away.

4 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown;
His alone the victor's car;
His the everlasting crown. KELLY.

HIS COMING.

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201 7s.

Report of the Watchman.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

SIR J. BOWRING.

202 L. M.

Second Advent.

1 WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

2 But when he cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of him that sits thereon.

3 O Son of God ! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
And Son of Man ! so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed ;

4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by thy crown, and by thy grave,
And all thy love and all thy power,
In that great day of judgment save !

ANON.

203 S. M.

The Watchful Servant.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait ;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch !—'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak he's near ;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

DODDRIDGE.

204

L. M.

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love:
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
Let every tongue his glory sing.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

4 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

205

7s. 6l.

"Till He Come!"

1 "TILL he come,"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread.
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some:
Severed only "Till he come."

BICKERSTETH.

HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

206 C. P. M.

Character of Christ.

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
And my dear Lord will bring me home,
When I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

MEDLEY.

207

C. M.

Names of Christ.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
And never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

208

8s, 7s & 7.

Christ a Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

209 C. M.

The Sympathizing Priest

1 COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervour of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh, may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim. ANON.

210 H. M.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord!
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, before thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

WATTS.

211 C. M.

The Way, Truth, and Life.

1 THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

212 S. M.

Lamb of Sacrifice.

1 JESUS, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed thy reconciling blood,
We give thee endless praise.

2 God, and yet man, thou art!
True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us thou art now.

3 Great Sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife;

4 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

5 True lover of the lost,
From heaven thou camest down,
To pay for souls the righteous cost,
And claim them for thine own.

6 Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee our rest we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home. BONAR.

213 C. M.

Immanuel.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust. WATTS.

214 H. M.

Christ is King!

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

C. WESLEY.

215 C. M.

Christ in Glory.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee. WATTS.

216 C. M.

Christ is All.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For he indeed is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood,
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above. JOHN MASON.

217 H. M.

All Hail!

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 Oh, haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway;
Oh, may it bless our longing eyes
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

218 L. M.

Jehovah-Jesus.

1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah-Jesus! name divine!
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah-Jesus! name divine,
Rock of salvation! thou art mine. ANON.

219 C. M.

The Best Name.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb! C. WESLEY.

HIS PRAISE.

220 C. M.

Praise to Christ.

1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

4 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy! C. WESLEY.

221 C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs. WATTS.

222 C. M.

Altogether Lovely.

1 TO Christ the Lord let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow:
His head with radiant glories crowned!
His lips with grace o'erflow.

3 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

4 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief:
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

S. STENNETT.

223 C. M.
"Unto You who Believe, He is Precious."

1 THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view, with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine!
I cannot wish for more. ANNA STEELE.

224 C. M.

A Song to the Shepherd.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh, let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

HIGGINBOTHAM.

225 11s.

Praise to Christ.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
Yet still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

C. WESLEY.

226 L. M.

Christ Reigning.

1 O CHRIST! the Lord of heaven, to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be;
Eternal praise of right is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of Life, who once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright, burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep, fervent love, shall rise;
All honour to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 Jesus! all earth shall speak the word;
Jesus! all heaven shall sound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

RAY PALMER.

227 C. M.

Praise to Christ from All.

1 WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 Thee we acknowled[illegible] God and Lord,
The Lamb for sin[illegible] slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise thee, thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of thy rest.

4 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

5 Throughout the world, thy Churches join
To call on thee, their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power has made. CENNICK.

228 C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' exalted King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home. HAMMOND.

229 C. M.

Christ's Commission.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise. WATTS.

230 S. M.

The Lamb of Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. WATTS.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

231

C. M.

Spirit of Truth.

1 SPIRIT of Truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

HEBER.

232

S. M.

Prayer to the Spirit.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire,
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. MONTGOMERY.

233 C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful Word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell. HAWEIS.

234 C. M.

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light and life and joy;
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy. BEDDOME.

235 S. M.

Come, Holy Spirit.

1 O, HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 Give us the melting soul,
Give us the will subdued,
Give us the streams of grace, to roll
Over a heart renewed.

5 We bless thee for thy grace,
And thine almighty power;
We bless thee for thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

OSWALD ALLEN.

236 C. M.

The Comforter.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Wilt safe convey me home. WATTS.

237 L. M.

Eternal Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by the heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.

238 S. M.

The Work of the Spirit.

1 'TIS God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too. BEDDOME.

239 C. M.

"Grieve not the Spirit."

1 THE God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succours and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve. ANON.

240

7s.

Heavenly Dove.

1 HOLY Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Breathe upon us from above;
And with sweet, celestial fire,
Zeal inflame, and love inspire.

2 On this congregation pour
Heavenly blessings, like a shower;
Streams of grace upon us shed;
Teach the living, raise the dead.

3 Bid each groundless doubt depart;
Bind up every broken heart;
Warm the frozen, cheer the faint,
Feed and comfort every saint.

4 Every soul do thou engage;
Every Christian's grief assuage;
Be our Counsellor and Guide;
Lead to Jesus crucified. JOSEPH IRONS.

241

H. M.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high;
We plead the promise of thy Word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy Word;
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

J. BURTON.

242 L. M.

Source of Light.

1 COME, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy Word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

BEDDOME

243 L. M.

The Spirit Invoked.

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy Church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDRIDGE.

244

8s & 7s.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 HOLY source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home. ANON.

245

S. M.

The Comforter.

1 BLEST Comforter Divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw us with still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of thy grace. ANON.

246 L. M.

Our Guardian and Guide.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy forever there. BROWNE.

247 C. M.

The Spirit's Work.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise,
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give. STEELE.

248 C. M.

Heavenly Dove.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. WATTS.

249 7s.

Breathings after the Spirit.

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone. REED.

250 C. M.

The Spirit Present.

1 THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, he's near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
But here in present majesty,
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever-welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he th' indwelling Lord:
All hail, thou Comforter divine!
Be evermore adored.

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,
And bless this hallowed hour.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

251 8. M.

Sanctifying Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee! HART.

252 7s

Witness of the Spirit Desired.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep us, Lord, forever thine.

JOHN STOCKER.

253 C. M.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
Oh, bid thy light arise!

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.

4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, for we wait thy power divine,
Let us thy mercy share. S. F. SMITH.

254 C. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

WATTS.

255 L. M.

The Spirit Entreated to Stay.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy powerful hand;
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land!

C. WESLEY.

THE SCRIPTURES.

256 C. M.

Worth of the Bible.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To lead our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never-weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

RIPPON'S COLLECTION.

257

L. M.

Sure Word of Prophecy.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy Word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

WATTS.

258

7s.

Preciousness of the Scriptures.

1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON

259 C. M.

Bible Suited to our Wants.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy Word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNA STEELE.

260 C. M.

"Thy Word is the Joy of my Heart."

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy written Word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand. WATTS.

261 L. M.

God's Glory in the Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

WATTS.

262 C. M.

The Bible a Light.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

263 C. M.

Jesus Seen in the Bible.

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred Word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away. STEELE.

264 S. M.

Power of God's Word.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven. WATTS.

265 L. P. M.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy Word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain. WATTS.

266 C. M.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below,—
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Our faith and love and every grace
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord. WATTS.

267 L. M.

Light from the Bible.

1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

BOWRING.

MAN.

MAN LOST.

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268 C. M.

Sense of Depravity.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Where his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends. WATTS.

269 L. M.

Shapen in Iniquity.

1 LORD, I am vile,—conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3 O Lord, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No human power could cleanse me so.

WATTS.

270 S. M.

Man's State by Nature.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise.

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways:
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood. WATTS.

271 S. M

None Righteous.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains of thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.
WATTS.

272 C. M.

Self-Righteousness Renounced.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just. WATTS.

MAN WARNED AND ENTREATED.

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273 C. M.

The Sinner Entreated.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

3 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

JOHN FAWCETT.

274

8s.

Pleading with the Sinner.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die? WESLEY.

275

L. M.

Union of Pleas.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

DODDRIDGE.

276

6s & 4s

The Call To-Day.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

T. HASTINGS.

277

7s.

The Sinner Pointed to the Judgment.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH.

278 7s.

No Delay!

1 HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT.

279 11s.

The Sinner Warned against Delay.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid? T. HASTINGS.

280 L. M.

Expostulation with the Sinner.

1 O SINNER, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown;
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of Life unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold. RIPPON.

281 7s.

Important Questions.

1 SINNER! what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

MRS. TONNA.

282 C. M.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men:
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows the appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall
And weep, and love, and praise.

DODDRIDGE.

283

8s, 7s & 4s.

Sinners Entreated.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord? ALLEN.

284

7s.

"Awake, Thou that Sleepest!"

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep!
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light. EPIS. COL.

285 S. M

Do Not Delay!

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

MRS. A. B. HYDE.

286 L. M.

Sinners Invited to Immediate Repentance.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 While God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

DWIGHT.

287 C. M.

The Wanderer Entreated.

1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return!

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say—Come;
Oh, now for refuge flee.
Return, return!

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return!

T. HASTINGS.

MAN CONVICTED.

288 S. M

Mercy Implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Oh, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
Oh, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest. BEDDOME

289 L. M

Prayer of the Publican.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me! C. BLVEN.

290 7s.

The Penitent's Inquiry.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

291 L M.

Hardness of Heart Lamented.

1 LORD, shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
All but an adamant would melt ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed ;
That One in all his grace I need ;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !
On me let streams of mercy roll ;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.

HART.

C. M.

292 *The Sinner Alive Without the Law.*

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright :
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again :
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
Oh, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave. WATTS

293 C. M.

Past Sins Acknowledged.

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh, speed my soul to thee.

MIDDLETON.

294 7s.

Confession of Sin.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish tears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

JOHN TAYLOR.

295 L. M.

Pardon Penitently Implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord: O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembing sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. WATTS.

296 C. M.

Cure for Conviction.

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joy,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

297 C. P. M.

The Awakened Sinner.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

SAMSON OCKUM.

MAN INVITED.

298 C. M.

The Gospel Offer.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. WATTS

299 L. M.

God Calling.

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. TERSTEEGEN, TR. BY JANE BORTHWICK

300 H. M

The Jubilee Proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. WESLEY.

301

S. M.

The Urgent Invitation.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come:"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O, blest Redeemer, come. ONDERDONK.

302

8s & 6s.

The Invitation.

1 JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or fitness for the heavenly place,—
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!

5 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

COOK.

303 L. M.

Christ at the Door.

1 BEHOLD, a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
Admit him, for you can't expel;
Where'er he comes, he comes to dwell.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet depart, ne'er to return!
Admit him; or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

5 Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of Peace,
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind!

JOSEPH GRIGG.

304

7s, 6 lines.

Invitation from the Cross.

1 FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,—
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HAWEIS.

305

C. M.

Sinners Invited.

1 OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

MEDLEY.

306 C. M.

The Saviour's Call.

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE.

307 7s & 6s.

A Present Invitation.

1 TO-DAY thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been.
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What should I do without thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

OSWALD ALLEN.

308 C. M.

The Gospel Invitation.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the Church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

309 H. M.

The Gospel's Voice.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come,
In Mercy's breast there still is room.

JAMES BODEN.

310 C. M.

The Last Resolve.

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die." E. JONES.

311 8s, 7s & 4s.

Sinners Welcomed.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all,—
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

JOSEPH HART.

312 L. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 "COME thither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

313 C. M.

The Heavenly Banquet.

1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
And the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

314

C. M.

Provisions of Grace.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

ANON.

315

11s & 10s.

The Disconsolate Invited.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love—come, ever knowing
"Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove."

4 Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise hope brings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." MOORE.

316 L. M.

Gospel Grace.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. ANNE STEELE.

317 P. M.

Come to Jesus.

1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you.

3 Oh, believe him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you.

7 Call upon him.

8 He will hear you.

9 Look unto him.

10 He'll forgive you.

11 Flee to Jesus.

12 He will cleanse you.

13 He will clothe you.

14 Jesus loves you.

15 Don't reject him.

16 Only trust him.

17 Hallelujah, Amen. ANON.

COMING TO CHRIST.

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318 8s & 6s.

Just as I Am.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

MISS C. ELLIOTT.

319 S. M.

The Only Refuge.

1 JESUS, I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
Oh, send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

4 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee. BEDIAN.

320 L. M.

The Only Plea.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

C. WESLEY.

321

7s. 6l.

Invitation Accepted.

1 AM I called? and can it be?
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched, as I am,
Has he named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I;
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat.
Thine I am, and thine alone;
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? an heir of God?
Wash'd, redeem'd, by precious blood?
Father, lead me by thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillow'd on my Saviour's breast.

GRAY.

322

C. M.

Fleeing to Christ.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all. WATTS

323 7s. D.

Christ the Source of Happiness.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
I to happiness aspire
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

TOPLADY

324 C. P. M.

Cry to Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe,—
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day. TOPLADY.

325 C. M

The Burdened Soul.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea:
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

NEWTON.

326 L. M.

Coming to Christ.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my life, my all,
Prostrate before thy throne I fall,
Fain would my soul look up, and see
My hope, my heaven, my all, in thee.

3 Here, in this world of sin and woe,
I'm filled with tossings to and fro,
Burdened with sin, with fear oppressed;
And nothing here can give me rest.

4 In vain from creatures help I seek:
Thou, only thou, the word canst speak,
To heal my wounds, and calm my grief,
Or give my mournful heart relief.

5 Oh, speak and bid my soul rejoice!
I long to hear thy pardoning voice;
Say, "Peace, be still! look up and live;
Life, peace, and heaven are mine to give."

MEDLEY.

327 7s.

"Lord, Save us: we Perish!"

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear;
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust;
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die. HAMMOND.

328 C. M.

"Lord, Remember Me!"

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary.
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me. BURNHAM.

329

7s.

Jesus! Master!

1 JESUS, Master, hear my cry;
Save me, heal me with a word;
Fainting at thy feet I lie,
Thou my whisper'd plaint hast heard.

2 Jesus, Master, mercy show;
Thou art passing near my soul,
Thou my inward grief dost know,
Thou alone canst make me whole.

3 Jesus, Master, as of yore
Thou didst bid the blind man see,
Light upon my soul restore;
Jesus, Master, heal thou me.

ANNA SHIPTON.

330

L. M.

Lord, Undertake for Me.

1 LORD, I'm oppressed; oh, undertake
For me, for my Redeemer's sake!
Unclean, unworthy, I confess,
Yet, oh, accept his righteousness!

2 On him alone I dare repose;
From him alone my comfort flows;
And all I am and hope to be,
I owe, through him, my God, to thee.

3 A wanderer, his mercy sought;
A slave, his blood my freedom bought;
And dead in trespasses and sin,
His voice awoke life's pulse within.

4 Since faint and feeble, weak and low,
I cannot stay, yet dare not go;
I have no strength, no hope, no plea,
Unless thou undertake for me. ANON.

331

C. P. M.

Yielding to Christ.

1 LORD, thou hast won: at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 Yes, since thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more:
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,—
For thou hast set me free:
Released from Satan's hard command,
See, all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee. NEWTON.

332

L. M.

For Jesus' Sake!

1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Oh, think thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer!

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy!

3 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine!

4 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold, and spare and succour me.

5 No claim, no merits, Lord, I plead;
I come, a humbled, helpless slave:
But, ah! the more my guilty need,
The more thy glory, Lord, to save.

333 C. M

The Penitent's Prayer.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

JOSEPH STENNETT

334 C. M

Christ's Compassion.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord—oh, save my soul,
For thou alone canst save. BRADLEY.

335 7s.

Coming to the Cross

1 I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall thy salvation find.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

W. MACDONALD.

336 L. M.

Seeking Cleansing.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O, wondrous grace! O, boundless love!

ZINZENDORF, TR. BY J. WESLEY

337 S. M.

All Given Up!

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

C. WESLEY.

338 C. M.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save. COWPER.

339 7s D.

Refuge in Christ.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,—
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

C. WESLEY.

340 H. M.

Thine, O Christ, not Mine.

1 THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear,
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

5 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul,
In this I'll live and die:
To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee? BONAR.

341 L. M.

The Solid Rock.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

E. MOTE.

342 S. M.

Salvation Through Christ.

1 NOT what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God,
Not all my prayers, and sighs and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

3 Thy love to me, O God,—
Not mine, O Lord, to thee,—
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

4 'Tis Christ who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love, because he loveth me,
I live, because he lives. BONAR.

343 H. M.

The Sufficient Sacrifice.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled :
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child ;
I can no longer fear :
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry

WESLEY.

344

8s & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

SIR J. BOWRING.

345

7s & 6s.

The Old, Old Story!

1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story—
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

ANON.

346 L. M.

All Things in Christ.

1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid:
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O, all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death, can harm
The weakest shielded by thine arm. ANON

347 L. M.

Robe of Righteousness.

1 JESUS, thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the death of dust I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change the glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress:
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

J. WESLEY.

348 7s 6L.

Christ All in All.

1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life. MACCOMB.

349 7s & 6s.

All Laid on Jesus!

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurs'd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

BONAR.

350

C. P. M.

The Only Foundation!

1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,—
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
Oh, may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God. ANON.

351

L. M.

Completeness.

1 COMPLETE in thee,—no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee,—no more in sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee,—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more,—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour, when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand,—complete in thee. ANON.

352

8s & 6s.

The Suretiship of Jesus.

1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed thy head;
Our load was laid on thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bore all my ill for me:
A victim led, thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup,
O Christ, 'twas full for thee;
But thou hast drained the last dark drop;
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, love drank it up;
Now blessing's draught for me.

3 For me, Lord Jesus, thou hast died,
And I have died in thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me. ANON.

353

C. M.

The Voice of Jesus.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. BONAR.

354 C. M.

The Gift of Faith.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies. C. WESLEY.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

355 7s.

Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. TOPLADY.

356 H. M.

The Finished Work.

1 DONE is the work that saves;
Once and forever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victims slain;
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in his hand
Which makes and keeps us clean.
With boldness let us now draw near,—
That blood has banished every fear.

BONAR

357 L. M.

Trust in Christ.

1 LORD Jesus Christ, my life, my light,
My strength by day, my trust by night,
On earth I'm but a passing guest,
And sorely with my sins oppress'd.

2 Since thou hast died, the pure, the just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

3 And when the last great day is come,
And thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon thy right.

4 Ah! then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of thy grace,
Forever I behold thy face. BEHEMB.

358 L. M.

Thou art Mine!

1 YES, thou art mine, my blessed Lord;
Forever and forever mine;
And, purchased with thy precious blood,
My Lord and Saviour, I am thine.

2 Thy spotless righteousness is mine,
Resplendent now before the throne;
In thee I stand accepted there—
In thee, O Son of God, alone.

3 Thy Spirit, Lord, is mine, for thou
Didst send him, never to depart,
Thine own sweet Comforter, to dwell
Within the temple of my heart.

4 Thy rich inheritance is mine:
Joint heir with thee of worlds above,
Lord, in thy kingdom I shall shine,
And reign with thee in endless love.

H. G. G.

359 C. M.

"Lord, I Believe; Help Thou My Unbelief."

1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy Word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee, with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!" ANON.

360 L. M.

Self-Righteousness Renounced.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.
WATTS.

361 L. M.

"Without Faith it is Impossible to Please God."

1 FAITH is a living power from heaven,
Which grasps the promise God has given;
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need,
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath,
In hope and love that conquer death;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en his smiting rod.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favour grant,
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our Fount of health alone. ANON.

362 L. M. 6L.

Pardon in the Blood of Jesus!

1 WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun his presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before his face my Priest appears;
My Advocate the Father hears;
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
The voice of that atoning blood.

4 Here I can rest without a fear:
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

J. G DECK.

REJOICING IN CHRIST.

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363 8s & 7s.

Joy at the Cross!

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

ALLEN AND SHIRLEY.

364 C. M.

Supporting Grace.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh:
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul, in raptures, will ascend
To everlasting day. HUDSON

365 L. M.

Happy Day!

1 OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

366

12s & 9s

Joy of a Convert.

1 OH, how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favour divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

C. WESLEY.

367

7s 6l.

Blessedness of Trust in Christ.

1 SAVIOUR, happy should I be,
Could I always trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour.

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy, and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief.

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea. ANON.

368

8s & 7s.

The Elder Brother!

1 YES, for me, for me he careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me,
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful songs of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even. BONAR

369 S. M

Peace with God.

1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change, he changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 I know he liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which he sits;
I know his truth and love. BONAR.

370 6s & 4s.

My Beloved is Mine!

1 NOW I have found a Friend,
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine

2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh;
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine! HENRY HOPE.

371 S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

7s.

372 *The Pleasures of Religion.*

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MARY MASTERS.

C. M.

373 *Christ Our Only Joy.*

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

E. CASWELL.

374 C. M.

The Heart at Rest.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God:
I will give thanks and sing,
My heart has found the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And from thyself they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3 Thus a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

4 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I cannot see:
But he who bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

5 My heart is resting, O my God;
My heart is in thy care;
And while it finds its joy in thee,
Can trust thee everywhere.

A. L. WARING.

375 7s.

Joy in Christ.

1 JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may;
Jesus, we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee, our Saviour, thee, our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee;
All we have and hope to have,
All we are and hope to be. ANON.

376 C. M.

Perfect Peace.

1 A MIND at perfect peace with God,
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner, reconciled through blood,--
This, this indeed is peace.

2 By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be:
For in the person of his Son
I am as near as he.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith he loves the Son,
Such is his love to me. BONAR.

377 S. M.

The Rest of Faith.

1 IF Jesus be my Friend,
And I to him belong,
I care not what my foes intend,
Though fierce they be and strong.

2 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
For I in him alone have found
The true, eternal good.

3 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

4 The sun that lights mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above. ANON.

378 S. M.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1 OH, blessed souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone. WATTS.

379 8s.

No Joy Without Christ.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

380 C. M.

Our Blessings.

1 OH, praise our great and gracious Lord,
And call upon his name;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim,
Tell how he led his chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how his covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.

2 We, too, have manna from above,—
The bread that came from heaven;
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows:
That rock is Christ, our Priest, our King,
Who life and health bestows.

3 Oh, let us prize this blessed food,
And trust our heavenly Guide:
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide;
And safely reach that happy shore
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence bless'd.

MISS H. AUBER.

381 C. M.

Joy in Jesus.

1 O JESUS, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat thee hunger still;
Who drink of thee still feel a void,
Which nought but thou can fill.

3 O my sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

4 Stay with us, Lord, and let thy light
Illume the soul's abyss,
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss. BERNARD.

382 C. M.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens round me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.

CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

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383 L. M.

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

DODDRIDGE.

384 S. M.

Entire Surrender!

1 O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

BEDDOME.

385 7s.

Prayer for Consecration.

1 THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

4 Thine forever! thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Led by thee from earth to heaven.

MAUDE

C. M.

386 *Surrendering all for Christ.*

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honour, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee,—supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

BEDDOME

7s. 6l.

387 *All for Christ!*

1 NOW, O God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
Take my mind, and heart, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new!

C. WESLEY

388

L. M

Bought with a Price!

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

DAVIES.

389

C. M.

Giving All!

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

WATTS.

390 *We are His!* S. M.

1 NOT to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

2 Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

3 Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die;
Unto the Lord we die or live,
With him are we on high.

4 We seek the things above,
For we are only his;
Like him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see him as he is.

ANON.

391 *"To Me to Live is Christ."* 8s & 7s.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

WINDHAM.

392 C. M.

"I am His!"

1 I'M thine, O Lord, and thine alone,
I'm thine by every tie;
By duty's claims, by love's glad choice,
For thee to live or die.

2 There's not an angel blest in heaven
So bound to thee as I;
To them thy love its gifts has given,
For me Love's self did die.

3 My life, my time, my strength, my all
I'd hold and spend for thee;
Oh, set my heart as free from earth
As saints in glory be.

4 With single eye and fervent heart
Let this poor life be spent;
Eager to use for thy great name
Whatever thou hast lent.

ANON.

SEEKING CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

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393 7s & 6s.

Rejoicing in God my Saviour.

1 TO thee, O dear, dear Saviour
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in thy favour,
My pillow on thy breast.

2 Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am thine,
And thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.

3 O thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me,
With threefold cords to thee.

4 Oh, for a heart to love thee
More truly as I ought;
And nothing place above thee,
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 Oh, for that choicest blessing,
Of living in thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

394 L. M

Trusting Christ the Only Refuge.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

ANNE STEELE.

395 L. M.

Parting with Earthly Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

396 6s & 4s.

Nearer to God.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FOWLER ADAMS.

397 L. M.

Holy Aspirations.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

398 C. M.

Desires for Holiness.

1 OH, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

BENJAMIN CLEAVLAND.

399 C. M.

Purity of Heart.

1 OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 Oh, for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Oh, write thy name upon my heart!
Thy name, O God, is Love.

C. WESLEY.

400 *The Fount of Blessing.*

8s & 7s.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

401 *Renouncing Sin.*

S. M.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty. WATTS.

402 8s & 7s.

Desiring Sanctification.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation:
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our plac
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. WESLEY.

403 C. M.

Complaints of Coldness.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. S. STENNETT.

404 C. M.

Difficulty and Dependence.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward. WATTS.

405 6s & 4s.

Breathings after Christ.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! RAY PALMER.

406 S. M.

Union with Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour! I am thine,
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign
My soul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I still would cleave
With ever growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail!

3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my Head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his paths to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

DODDRIDGE.

407 C. M.

Delight in God and His Word.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine;
Oh, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy Word. WATTS.

408 C. M.

A Living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

2 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour. WATTS.

409 "Oh, for a Closer Walk with God." C. M.

1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

410 *Sun of Righteousness.* 7s.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,—
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. C. WESLEY.

411 S. M.

God, All and in All.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. WATTS

412 L. M

The Road to Life and Death.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes in vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

413 L. M.

Exemplifying the Gospel.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

414 7s.

Taking Christ as a King.

1 KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne;
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thy high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

4 Be it so: my heart's thy throne,
All my powers thy sceptre own,
And, with them on thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in thy will. ANON.

415 S. M.

Prayer for Self-Consecration.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 Oh, for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above. C. WESLEY.

416 S. M.

Love and Obedience.

1 BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign:
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN.

417 L. M.

Longing to be with God.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. WATTS.

418

S. M.

Christ's Will Best for Us.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

H. F. LYTE.

419

C. M.

God's Will.

1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

3 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will.

4 I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

6 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

F. W. FABER.

420 C. M.

Thy Care Not Mine!

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day!

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him. R. BAXTER.

421 L. M.

Strength from Christ.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

WATTS.

422 "He Leadeth Me!" L. M. 6L.

1 "HE leadeth me!" oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me; he leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'midst scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever let I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won;
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. ANON.

423 Let Christ Choose Our Inheritance. 6s.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4 Choose thou for me, my Friend,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. BONAR.

424 7s.

Holy Contentment.

LORD, my times are in thy hand;
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.

4 Oh, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude. ANON.

425

8s, 7s, & 4s.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. W. WILLIAMS.

426

L. M.

Resignation to Christ's Will.

1 IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it: I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil,
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succours in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'Tis thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blessed days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing thee.
MADAME GUYON.

427 8s & 6s.

Thy Will be Done"

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine.
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done."

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

MISS C. ELLIOTT.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

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428 S. M.

Labour for God Blessed.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

429 S. M.

Active Effort to do Good.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

MONTGOMERY.

430 L. M.

Psalm cxvi.

1 REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, oh, love divine,
What, to repay such gifts as thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hand new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know thee, and adore?

3 Oh, teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield thee up myself, my all;
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to thee alone.

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to thee.

HENRY F. LYTE.

431

8s & 7s.

Reward of the Christian's Fidelity.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

HASTINGS.

432

S. M.

The Christian's Charge.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die. C. WESLEY.

433 S. M

Work in my Vineyard.

1 LABOURERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love,
A mantle, round your breast.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

434 C. M.

God's True Workmen.

1 GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blinded eye.

F. W. FABER.

435 C. M.

The Honour of Being Christ's Servant.

1 OH, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name,—
Call me thy servant, Lord.

2 Sweet title that delighteth me,
Rank earnestly implored;
Oh, what can reach the dignity
Of thy true servants, Lord?

3 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own,
Lord, I belong to thee.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me;
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

THOMAS H. GILL.

436 6s & 5s.

Go, Work.

1 WORK, for time is flying;
Work with heart sincere;
Work, for souls are dying;
Work, for night is near.
In the Master's vineyard
Go and work to-day;
Stand not idly waiting,
Work, without delay.

2 In this glorious calling,
Work till day is o'er;
Work, till, evening falling,
You can work no more.
Then, your labour bringing
To the King of kings,
Borne with joy and singing
Home on angels' wings.

3 There, where saints adore him,
Where the ransom'd meet,
Lay thy sheaves before him,
Lay them at his feet.
Hear thy Master saying,
From his heavenly throne,
When thy wages paying,
"Labourer, well done!" ANON.

WARRING FOR JESUS.

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437 S. M.

The Christian Soldier's Strength.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

C. WESLEY.

438 S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer Inculcated.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode. HEATH.

439 C. M.

The Whole Armour.

1 OH, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armour cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne:
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown. ANON.

440 C. M.

Jesus Able to Keep.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his Word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. WATTS.

441 C. M.

Watch and Pray.

1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys. HASTINGS.

442

7s.

The Conflict Short.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

SWAIN.

443 *Stand Up for Jesus.* 7s & 6s.

1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. DUFFIELD.

444 *Not Ashamed of Christ!* L. M.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No,—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

GRIGG AND FRANCIS.

445 L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

446 7s.

Fight the Good Fight of Faith.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. KIRKE WHITE AND FANNY F. MAITLAND

PRAYER.

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447 L. M.

Hindrances to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

COWPER.

448 L. M.

Sweetness of Prayer.

1 MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,—
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee.

C. ELLIOT

449 C. M.

A Throne of Grace.

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still:
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace. COBBIN.

450 7s.

Prayer for Grace.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply mine every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed;
From thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end;
Still preserve me by thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise. C. WESLEY.

451 S. M.

The Hours of Prayer.

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun,
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray. ANON.

452 *Christ Gives Efficacy to Prayer.* L. M.

1 CHILDREN of God! in all your need,
Remember him who died for you;
Ye suppliants, think, whene'er you plead,
The Lord of Love is pleading too.

2 Nor pleads in vain; the Father hears
The voice of his beloved Son;
'Tis music in Jehovah's ears;
He pleads, and lo! the suit is won.

3 "Father, forgive them!" Jesus cried,
When bleeding on th' accursed tree,
"Bless, bless them, Lord, for this I died!"
Is still his all-prevailing plea.

4 Come, brethren, then; our feeblest pray'r
Perfumed with Jesus' blessed name,
Is heard on high, is treasured there;
And all that heaven can give may claim.

5 From everlasting we are his,
In love's eternal counsel given;
And he himself our portion is,
The glory of our promised heaven.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

453 *Where to Carry Our Cares.* L. M.

1 HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A veil between thy God and thee.

4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

RYLE'S COLLECTION

454 L. M.

God a Sure Refuge.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

455 C. M.

Panting After God!

1 OH, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there. WATTS.

456

L. M. Double.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize:
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell! sweet hour of prayer.

ANON.

457

8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh, refresh us, &c.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Oh, refresh us, &c.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh, refresh us, &c. ANON.

458 C. M.

The Nature of Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:—
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

459 S. M.

Pray and Not Faint.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at Mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care. NEWTON.

460 C. M.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died. BEDDOME.

461 7s & 6s.

Prayer at All Times.

1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

MRS. SIMPSON.

462 L. M

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

463

C. M.

Teach Us to Pray.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY.

464

S. M.

Blessings Sought in Prayer.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee. NEWTON.

465 C. M.

Divine Sympathy.

1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

CROWDSON AND KENNEDY

466 7s

Importunity in Prayer.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,—
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

3 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

4 No; I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

467 7s.

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign. NEWTON.

468

L. M

Secure in God.

1 FATHER! beneath thy shelt'ring wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life Divine that all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win:
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

469

10s, 11s & 12s.

Excelsior!

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised, faltereth never;
The love of eternity flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done; praise him forever.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

470 L. M.

The Heavenly Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road. WATTS.

471 C. M.

"That Cannot be Shaken!"

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone

WATTS.

472 *Strength from the Lord.* 7s.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his Word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
His free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will. ANON

473 *"'Tis I: Be Not Afraid."* C. M

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismay'd;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid." ANON.

474 C. M.

"Be Joyful in Your King."

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand has raised,
How holy, and how plain;
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No roaring lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled. DODDRIDGE.

475 S. M.

"Praise the Redeemer."

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song. WATTS.

FELLOWSHIP AND CHARITY.

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476 S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. JOHN FAWCETT.

477 C. M.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain:
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—
Free mercy from above:
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

478 L. M.

Christian Affection.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

479 S. M.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.

480 8s.

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be. BALDWIN.

481 L. M.

Grief for the Sins and Miseries of Men.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves:
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE

482 C. M.

Brotherly Love.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thy own;

4 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face. ANON

483 L. M

Religion Nothing Without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil. WATTS.

484 C. M.

Importance and Influence of Love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that make our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too,
But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss. WATTS.

485 C. M.

Love as Brethren.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his Word;—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love. SWAIN.

THE CHURCH—HER HONOUR AND WORK.

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486 H. M.

"The Bride says Come."

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright.
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

DODDRIDGE.

487 8s, 7s & 4s.

Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favoured lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy:
If he punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

THOMAS KELLY.

488 7s, 6l.

Who Shall Separate?

1 HALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark, or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate
Bride and Bridegroom separate?

3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart.

WILLIAM DICKENSON.

489 S. M.

God is in His Churches.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
And most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there. WATTS.

490 S. M.

The Beauties of Zion.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold. WATTS.

491 L. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

DODDRIDGE.

492 C. M.

"We are Come unto Mount Zion."

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest. WATTS.

493 S. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honoured is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace. WATTS.

494 C. M.

God's Love to the Church.

1 A MOTHER may forgetful be,—
For human love is frail;—
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast. ANON.

495 L. M.

God is in the Midst of Her.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

6 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

WATTS.

BAPTISM.

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496 S. M.

"If Christ be for Us."

1 OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

3 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

497 7s.

The Saviour Our Pattern and Guide.

1 CHRIST, who came my soul to save,
Entered Jordan's yielding wave,
Rose from out the crystal flood,
Owned and sealed the Son of God,
By the Father's voice of love,
By the heaven-descending Dove;
Saviour, Pattern, Guide for me,
I like him baptized would be.

2 In the garden, o'er his soul
Sorrow's whelming waves did roll;
Ah, on Calvary's cruel tree,
Jesus bowed in death for me.
I with him am crucified;
All my hope is, he hath died;
At his feet my place I take,
Bear the cross for his dear sake.

3 In the new-made tomb he lay,
Taking all its dread away;
Burst he through its rock-bound door,
Glorious now, and evermore.
I with Christ would buried be
In this rite required for me,
Rising from the mystic flood,
Living hence anew to God. S. D. PHELPS.

498 C. M.

Buried and Raised with Christ.

1 WITH Christ we share a mystic grave,
With Christ we buried lie;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

2 The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain;
New creatures from the cleansing wave
With Christ we rise again.

3 Thrice blest, if, through this world of sin,
And lust, and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle white
And undefiled we wear.

4 Thrice blest, if, through the gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O risen Lord, with thee.

JOHN MASON NEALE

499 L. M.

The Spirit Invoked on the Candidates.

1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.

2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the Church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

500 C. M.

"We Follow Christ."

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign. BEDDOME.

501

8s & 7s.

Christ Our Example.

1 THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave,
To all in him believing;
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,
To his example cleaving.
I'll follow, then, my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever,
He saved my soul, and left his Word
To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.
I'll follow, &c.

3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
In thy kind arms enfold me;
My heart is fixed; no fears appal;
Thy gracious power shall hold me
I'll follow, &c. S. D. PHELPS.

502

S. M.

Cheerful Obedience.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee. S. F. SMITH.

503 "Tread in the Saviour's Steps." S. M

1 CHOOSE ye his cross to bear,
Who bowed to Jordan's wave?—
Clad in his armour will ye dare,
In faith, a watery grave?

2 All hail, ye blessed band,
Shrink not to do his will;
In deep humility, this work
Of righteousness fulfil.

3 Tread in the Saviour's steps,
Invoke his Spirit free,
And as he burst the gates of death,
So may your rising be.

4 Saviour, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

5 We love thy holy Word,
Thy precepts we obey,
Buried with Christ, our dying Lord,
We seek to be, this day.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

504 Blessing Invoked on the Ordinance. L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We plunge beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, plunge us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

505 8s & 7s.

Follow Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the paths that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his way your choice.

3 Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

J. FAWCETT.

506 L. M.

Imitation of Christ.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread,
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

BALDWIN.

507 8s, 7s & 4s.

Buried with Christ by Baptism.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No, I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee;
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

J. E. GILES.

508 7s & 6s.

Buried with Christ

1 AROUND thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy bless'd command:
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of thy soul,
When, in thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er thee roll:
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3 Lord, now thou art arisen,
Thy travail is all o'er,
For sin thou once has suffer'd,
Thou liv'st to die no more;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd,
By thee, thy Church's Head;
And lo! we share thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead.

4 Into thy death baptized,
We own with thee we died;
With thee, our life, are risen,
And in thee glorified;
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with thee to God. J. G. DECK.

509 S. M

The Baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of Life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day. S. F. SMITH.

510 C M

Baptized into Death.

1 IMMERSED beneath the closing wave,
We're into death baptized;
And enter thus our Saviour's grave,
Buried with him that died.

2 With Christ we die, that, freed from sin,
With Christ we may arise;
New thoughts, new hopes, new lives to win,
To fit us for the skies.

3 O Holy Ghost, to us be given;
And all our converse here
Be waiting for the Lord from heaven,
Till Christ, our life, appear.

4 And grant our faith the majesty,
The present joy and crown,
With Christ, e'en now, to live on high,
And then with him sit down.

GEORGE RAWSON.

511 S. M.

Baptized into Christ.

1 BAPTIZED into the name
Of my redeeming Lord;
Inspired with loftiest, holiest aim
That grace can man afford;

2 To thee, my God, I raise,
A spirit glad and free,
And dedicate once more my days
With firm resolve to thee.

3 I bless the love divine,
That hath thy servant found;
And would for evermore be thine,
And light diffuse around.

4 In word, in thought, in deed,
I yield me to thy will;
O God, my purpose kindly heed,
And help me to fulfil. DAVIS.

512 C. M.

Delight in Obedience.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways. FELLOWS.

513 8s & 7s.

Following Christ.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shall be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new. FELLOWS

514 C. M.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME.

515 L. M

Call to Follow Christ in Baptism.

1 BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood,
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood

2 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
And grant that we, through grace divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

S STENNETT AND BEDDOME

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

516 C. M

"Around Thy Table."

1 AROUND thy table, holy Lord,
In fellowship we meet;
Obedient to thy blest command,
This feast of love to eat.

2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
And cup, in token of thy blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under thy banner thus we sing
The wonders of thy love,
While we anticipate by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

517 C. M.

Humble Acknowledgment.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every song
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the strangers home. WATTS.

518 C. M.

"In Remembrance of Me."

OH, love divine! oh, matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free in rays
Of purest living light.

2 Oh, wondrous death! oh, precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3 Oh, covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed!
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed. E. TURNEY.

519 C. M.

Humble Communion.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place;—

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours. S. STENNETT.

520 "Bread of Heaven." 7s & 6s.

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful Word believing,
We take, and doubt no more.
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

THOMAS AQUINAS, TR. BY RAY PALMER.

521 "Meet and Remember Me." C. M.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

GERARD T. NOEL.

522 C. M.

"Gethsemane Can I Forget?"

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious Word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. MONTGOMERY.

523

10s.

The Feast.

1 AND now we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove; but thou art here,
Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.

2 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
And passing points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

BONAR.

524

C. M.

For Me.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour,—so divine;
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

S. STENNETT.

525

C. M.

"Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love."

1 TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit, now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Thou suffering Lamb, thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

DENNEY.

526 C. M.

Praise to Christ.

1 TO him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honours raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love:
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above. WATTS.

527 S. M.

Christ in the Midst!

1 WITH Jesus in the midst,
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on him,
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with him on high.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
The Morning Star appear,
Soon shall the day of glory dawn,
Our longing hearts to cheer.

BRISTOL HYMNS.

528 S. M.

Communion with Christ.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board:
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise. WATTS.

529 L. M.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

530 8s & 7s.

The Banner of Love.

1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

3 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unveiled, thy glorious face.

ROSWELL PARK.

531 L. M.

Forget Not Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But O, my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNA PAL.

532 L. M.

Complete in Christ.

1 MY soul complete in Jesus stands;
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete. ANON.

533 8s & 7s.

Atonement Made.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

BAKEWELL.

534 7s.

Prayer for Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

J. CONDER.

CHURCH OFFICERS—ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

535 C. M.

Watchmen, Awake!

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

536 C. M.

Presence of Jesus Invoked.

1 O JESUS, in this solemn hour,
Be with thy people here;
Let thine authority and power
To rule thy Church appear.

2 Oh, may the choice which we have made
By thee be ratified;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed,
As they are further tried.

3 With faithfulness may they fulfil
The office in their hands,
And seek to know and do thy will
In all that will demands.

COLLYER.

537 L. M.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain:
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Oh, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

BEDDOME.

538 C. M.

Zeal for Souls.

1 OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient Word—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

ANON.

539 L. M.

Prayer for the Candidate.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
Oh, love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

ROWLAND HILL.

540 S. M.

Prayer for Labourers.

1 LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's direct'd prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait:
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy Word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim—
Thy all-redeeming love.

C. WESLEY.

541 L. M.

Prayer for More Labourers.

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth labourers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the labourers few.

3 Led by thine own almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

HASTINGS.

542 L. M.

Welcome to the Pastor.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit and with love!
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

MONTGOMERY.

543 6s & 4s.

Prayer for a Minister.

1 O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray;
To thee the cherubim,
And seraphim,
Unceasing, raises bring,
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy Word success,
And this thy servant bless;
His labours own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and worth commend,
Thy holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray. J. YOUNG.

544 *Prayer for Pastors and Deacons.* L. M.

1 GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high
Under thy care thy churches live;
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may thy name be blest,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord;
On deacons may thy favour rest,
Chosen according to thy Word.

3 While they their works assigned fulfil,
Oh, may their souls with grace be crowned,
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.

4 And when their service here is done,
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne,
In heaven to praise thee evermore.
J. CONER.

545 *Ministers the Bearers of Good Tidings.* S M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. WATTS.

546 S. M.

Jesus the Exemplar to His Ministry.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey!
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes. VOKE.

547 7s.

Prayer for Ministers.

1 SON of God, our glorious Head!
On us now thy blessing shed;
From thy throne let mercy flow
To thy waiting flock below.

2 Taught by thee, with prayer sincere,
We have called thy servants here,
For thy needy ones to care,
And thy holy feast to bear.

3 May the Spirit from above
Fill their hearts with faith and love;
Make them humble, zealous, wise,
Strife to shun, and good devise.

4 When their earthly work is done,
When the crown of life is won,
Ever in thy house on high,
May they serve beneath thine eye.

G. B. IDE.

548 C. M.

The Saviour's Help Invoked.

1 LORD, thou hast taught our hearts to glow
With love's undying flame:
But more of thee we long to know,
And more would love thy name.

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshalled powers,
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make thine honour ours.

3 With thine own pity, Saviour, see
The thronged and darkening way!
We go to win the lost to thee,
Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!

4 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell,
Till they who wander far shall seek,
And find, and serve thee well.

RAY PALMER.

THE CHURCH.

REVIVALS.

549 L. M.

Prayer for the Increase of the Church.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy Word hath taught

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee. DODDRIDGE.

550 C. M.

Converting Grace Implored.

1 COME, Lord, in mercy to us again,
With [illegible];
The [illegible] heart to pain,
Oh, send a gracious shower.

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power,
Thy mourning people cry:
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise. ANON.

551 L. M.

The Breath of the Spirit Desired.

1 SPIRIT of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down!
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,
Send forth thy quickening might abroad,
Till rising from their tombs, they spread
In full array,—the host of God.

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all thy pleasant places mourn;
Oh, look upon our low estate;
In loving-kindness, Lord, return.

4 Now let thy glory be revealed;
Now let thy presence with us rest;
Oh, heal us, and we shall be healed;
Oh, bless us, and we shall be blest.

BONAR.

552 8s & 7s.

Give Times of Refreshing.

1 FATHER, for thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from thee alone.

2 Blessed earnests thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest;
Blessings still with thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

3 Prayer ascendeth to thee ever,
Answer, Father, answer prayer;
Bless, oh, bless each weak endeavour,
Blood-bought pardon to declare.

4 Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for jubilee;
To thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto thee. A. MIDLANE.

553 S. M.

Revival Desired.

1 REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers,
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours. A. MIDLANE.

554 S. M.

Prayer for a Revival of Religion.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely. P. H. BROWN

555 L. M

Return, O God of Hosts.

1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And oft have seen thy glory shine,
With power and majesty divine.

2 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.

3 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

ANON.

556 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

NEWTON.

557 S. M.

Ingratitude Deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

558 C. M.

Pardoning Love.

1 HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his Word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ANNA STEELE.

559 *The Master is Coming!* 11s.

1 THE Master is coming, he calleth for thee,
And lov'd ones are hast'ning their Saviour to see;
He's full of compassion, why will you delay?
He's calling, still calling, oh, come, come away!
The Master is coming, he calleth for thee;
Come, trust in his mercy, salvation is free.

2 The Master is coming, receive him and live;
Oh, will you not trust him your sins to forgive?
On Calvary's cross, amid anguish and pain,
Thy ransom was purchased when Jesus was slain.

3 The Master is coming, he calleth to-day;
Awake from thy slumbers, to labour and pray;
The morning is breaking, the noon-tide is near,
And evening's dark shadows will quickly appear.

4 The Master is coming, to call from the grave
His lov'd ones to glory; he's mighty to save;
And all who believe him in rapture shall sing
Salvation thro' Jesus, our Master and King.

MRS. BAXTER.

560 *Slumbering Professors Exhorted.* 11s.

1 WHY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise;
Oh, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;
Oh, let us be active; awake, and repent.

2 Oh, how can we slumber? the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 Oh, how can we slumber, when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by Jesus, the Son?
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honoured and sinners be saved.

HOPKINS.

561 *Joy in the Salvation of Sinners.* S. M.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King,
His saving power displays?—

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing? SWAIN.

562 *Sin Confessed.* S. M.

1 ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more. ANON.

563 L. M.

The Wandering Soul Exhorted.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

564 P. M.

Joy in Revival.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 Oh, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live. ANON.

565 7s 6l.

Prayer for the Unconverted.

1 SAVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God;
Many round us blindly stray;
Moved with pity, let us pray,—
Pray that they who now are blind
Soon the way of truth may find.

2 Lord, awaken all around,
Let them know the joyful sound;
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more;
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee;
Set the captive sinner free.

3 Glorious things of thee are told,
What thine arm has wrought of old;
Thousands once its power confessed;
Oh, for seasons like the past!
Lord, revive the former days;
Thine the power, and thine the praise.

KELLY.

566

8s & 5s.

Pass Me Not!

1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit;
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

ANON.

567

8s & 7s.

Hasten Hither!

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy Word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

NEWTON.

568 S. M.

The Spirit Invoked.

1 OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the Word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

BETHUNE.

569 8s, 7s & 4s.

Zion Visited.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. KELLY.

570

8s & 7s.

Zion Encouraged.

1 ZION, dreary and in anguish,
'Mid the desert hast thou strayed!
Oh, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.

2 Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

3 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.

HASTINGS.

571

C. M.

Psalm cii.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

3 He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

4 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord. WATTS

572 8s, 7s & 3s.

Longing for Divine Favour.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me,—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me,—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me. E. CONDER.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

573 8s & 7s.

Prayer for the Children.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
And the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know, thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lions' prey;
Let thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

MUHLENBERG.

574 S. M.

Prayer for the Young.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 Oh, what a vast delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead these souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
Oh, bring the long'd for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed!

4 May they receive thy Word,
Confess the Saviour's name;
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Then let our favoured race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord. FELLOWS.

575 C. M.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amid our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own. FAWCETT.

576 6s & 4s.

Lead Them, My God, to Thee.

1 LEAD them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee,
These children dear of mine,
Thou gavest me;
Oh, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee;
Lead them, lead them,
Lead them to thee.

2 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee.

3 E'en for such little ones,
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled;
Oh, for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee.

4 Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
Oh, take their young hearts now,
Lead them, my God, to thee. ANON.

577 L. M.

The Children cry, Hosanna!

1 EXALTED Jesus, heavenly King,
Angels to thee their offerings bring;
And yet thou scornest not the praise,
The simplest song that children raise.

2 And hast thou deigned from high to come,
And make this fallen world thy home?
Yea, bow thee to the cross and grave,
And die a sinful world to save?

3 Crown him with praises, all that live;
To him your ceaseless homage give;
Praises and homage well are due
To him who gave himself for you.

4 Exalted Saviour, risen Lord,
Jesus, by all in heaven adored,
Set up with man thy fallen throne,
And make all hearts on earth thine own.

ANON.

578 S. M.

The Children Claimed.

1 OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God!
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad. ANON.

579 C. M.

A Blessing Implored.

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art. ANON.

580 C. M.

The Teacher's Prayer.

1 BE ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace!

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine. ANON.

581 C. M.

Psalm lxviii.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands. WATTS.

582 C. M.

Israel's Shepherd.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
While weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

DEDICATIONS.

583 L. M.

God's Condescension.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

584 C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above. A. REED.

585 L. M.

Dedication Hymn.

1 O GOD the Father, Christ the Son.
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Accept this gift our hearts have sought,—
Our hands in Christian love have wrought.

2 Here may the light of gospel truth
Illumine age, enlighten youth;
In many hearts that grace begin,
Which saves from sorrow and from sin.

3 May Jesus here that power display
Which changes darkness into day,
And open wide those gates of love
That lead to blessedness above.

4 O Jesus Christ, our sovereign Lord,
By angels and by saints adored,
Accept this tribute of our praise,
And with thy glory fill this place. ANON

586 7s

Prayer for Divine Blessings.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

MONTGOMERY.

587 H. M.

Corner-Stone!

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love,
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing:
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh,
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. CHANDLER.

588 C. M.

Divine Blessing Solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near. J. R. SCOTT.

589 L. M.

A Blessing Implored.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

MONTGOMERY.

590 C. M.

The Blessing Sought.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy Word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. NEWTON.

591

H. M.

Come, King of Glory.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof,
Oh, deign to show
How God can dwell
With men below!

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies.
Here may the Word
Melodious sound,
And spread celestial
Joys around!

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display
Thy saving power,
While temples stand,
And men adore.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

592

L. M. 6L.

A Temple for God.

1 ENTHRONED in light, eternal God,
The highest heaven is thy abode;
Yet thou with us wilt deign to dwell;
Thou lov'st the gates of Zion well;
On Salem's peaceful hill we raise
A sacred temple to thy praise.

Here let the pilgrim find the road
That leads the wandering soul to God;
Here sorrow lift her tearful eye,
Allured to brighter scenes on high;
The weary spirit find repose,
And at the cross forget her woes.

3 Our God, our fathers' God, we raise
This sacred temple to thy praise;
Here, safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
Shall contrite souls their offerings bring,
Till called to soar and join the song
Which swells amid the heavenly throng.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

593 C. M.

For Laying a Corner-Stone.

1 BUILDER of mighty worlds on worlds,
How poor the house must be,
That with our human, sinful hands,
We may erect for thee.

2 O Christ, thou art our corner-stone,
On thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our light, our life,
Our sacrifice for guilt.

3 In thy blest name we gather here,
And set apart the ground;
The walls that on this rock shall rise,
Thy praises shall resound.

4 May many a soul, from death redeemed,
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory there." ANON.

594 L. M.

A Gift for God.

1 WHEN Israel's priest the lamb did choose,
He chose of all the flock the best;
No poor, no maim'd, no sickly thing
Upon Jehovah's shrine could rest.

2 When David's son a temple built,
No common wood or stone was sought,
But rarest wood, and gold, and gems,
A house of wondrous beauty wrought.

3 When Mary would her love display,
A costly gift did she bestow;
And Mary's act the lesson leaves
That precious things to God should go.

4 O Lord, this day we bring our gift,
Not rich, but best we could, and free;
This desk, this cup, this pool, this house,
We dedicate them, Lord, to thee.

5 Accept, O God, this proffered gift;
Here let thy Spirit's power be given;
To many souls let this place be
The house of God—the gate of heav'n.

ANON.

595 L. M.

God's Temple.

1 AND wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thy abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

596 L. M.

Dedication.

1 OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy day be kept;
And be this place, to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God—the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honour dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn. ANON.

MISSIONS.

597 C. M.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Oh, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise. T. GIBBONS.

598 L. M.

Christ's Universal Reign.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. WATTS.

599 L. M.

Divine Power Supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake:
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel's home!
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

600 L. M.

Missionaries Encouraged.

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. ANON.

601 8s, 7s & 4s.

Glorious Prospects.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

W. WILLIAMS.

602

8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway, to the end of time. COTTERILL.

603 7s & 6s.

Success of the Gospel.

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

604

7s & 6s.

Conversion of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

605

L. M.

Christians in Convention.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

COLLYER.

606 C. M.

Jesus the Conqueror.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy Word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound. SEYMOUR.

607 7s.

Jesus Reigns.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!" BACON.

608

8s, 7s & 4s.

Light Advancing!

1 LOOK, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his Word in every land:
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay!

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

KELLY.

609

S. M.

Prayer for Success.

1 O LORD, our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life! arise;
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise;
Extend thy healing wing,
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth ! arise ;
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. C. WESLEY.

610 S. M.

The Same.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise. C. WESLEY.

611 S. M.

The Same.

1 O THOU, whom we adore !
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,—
All power to thee is given ;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven !

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless ;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy Word,
Now be thy grace revealed ;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

C. WESLEY.

612

7s. D.

The Song of Jubilee.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 "He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end:—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all."

MONTGOMERY.

613

L. M.

The Commission.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my Word;
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end!
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God. WATTS.

614 6s & 4s.

Spread the Truth.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the Word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his Word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will the work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine. THOMAS KELLY.

615 *The Spirit Invoked.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

"ERIPHAS," *Evangelical Magazine.*

616 *The Earth to be the Lord's.* L. M.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the myriads of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns. ANON.

617 "*Honour the Lord with Thy Substance.*"

8s & 7s.

1 WITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his Word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!
Praise him, all ye hosts above!
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love!

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

618 "*Thy Kingdom Come.*"

S. M.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

JOHNS.

619 *Prayer for Missionaries Leaving Home.*

7s & 6s.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That may may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou, eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

PRATT'S COLL.

620 *Tidings of Success.*

7s.

1 HARK! the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blessed Saviour, still proceed;
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

ANON.

621 *Home Missions.*

7s & 6s.

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;

Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey. ANON.

OUR COUNTRY.

HUMILIATION.

622 C. M.

Humiliation.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Oh, bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy Word,
And humbly seek thy face. STEELE.

623 C. M.

Psalm lx.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land:
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

5 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down. WATTS.

624 C. M.

For our Country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend. WREFORD.

625 C. M.

For Relief from Pestilence.

1 IN grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
For succour now we fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
Oh, shield us lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 Oh, look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

626 L. M.

Psalm xliv.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And, oh! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

627

8s & 7s.

A People Praying.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding:
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend! C. F.

628

8s, 7s & 4s.

Mercy Entreated.

1 VISIT, Lord, this land in mercy,
Bid its storms and terrors cease;
Rise in beauteous radiance o'er us,
Sun of Righteousness and Peace:
God of nations,
Grant from woes a long release.

2 Throw thy shield of strong protection
All thy favoured land around:
Under thy benign direction,
Let its ruling minds be found;
Peace diffusing
To the nation's utmost bound.

3 Let not such a land of beauty
Lie beneath the clouds of sin;
Onward urge its glorious duty,
Moral victories to win;
Now in mercy,
Let its brightest days begin.

4 Oh, let smiling peace bend o'er it,
Oh, let constant plenty crown;
Let contention flee before it,
Let it tread all evil down;
While dark discord
Sinks beneath a nation's frown. ANON.

629 7s.

Prayer for Mercy.

1 WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,—
All our broken hearts restore.

2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.

3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord, we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.

4 Give us now relief from pain,—
Human aid is all in vain:
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail. HATFIELD.

THANKSGIVING.

630 6s & 4s.

Prayer for Our Country.

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;—
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

631

8s, 7s & 4s.

"God has Helped Us."

1 "EBENEZER! God is with us!"
Sang our fathers long ago:
"Ebenezer? God is with us,"
Sing their grateful children now:
Ebenezer!
Every knee in worship bow.

2 Blessing now and adoration
Young and old in concert sing;
Sing in lofty jubilation
To our great Redeemer, King;
Grace and mercy
His right arm alone did bring.

3 "Ebenezer! God is with us!"
Echo down the stream of time,
"Ebenezer!" till the story
From the hills of glory chime,
And the angels
Swell the glorious song sublime.

ANON.

632

7s.

Praise for Goodness.

1 PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise him for our harvest-store,—
He hath filled the garner-floor,—
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let Creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

H. W. BAKER.

633 7s.

Thanks for all Blessings.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

MRS. BARBAULD.

634 6s & 4s.

For a Bountiful Harvest.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;

The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord. MONTGOMERY.

635 L. M.

Thanksgiving.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest" we have known—
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;—

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky. E. BUTCHER.

636 L. M.

The Year Crowned with Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine;
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise.

DODDRIDGE.

TEMPERANCE.

637 8. M.

Mourn for the Lost!

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love. ANON.

638 C. M.

Weep for the Lost!

1 WEEP for the lost! thy Saviour wept
O'er Salem's hapless doom;
He wept, to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

3 Weep for the lost! the lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

4 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair. COLVER.

639 L. M.

Deliverance for the Drunkard.

1 BONDAGE and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys!
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless! guide the blind!
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust. SARGENT.

640 L. M.

A Temperance Hymn.

1 GREAT God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven.

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaffed;
Type of that fount whose streams above,
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

3 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his paths to hell,
Oh, wake and help us, Lord, to save
Their souls from thirst beyond the grave!

4 Help them to heed thy Word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine,
To fear and flee th' accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

5 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh, speed, on every shore,
The day when strong drink slays no more!

ANON.

641 C. M

Life from the Dead!

1 LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2 Life from the dead! for those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

3 Life from the dead! quickened by thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

4 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand. ANON.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

642 L. M.

Close of the Year.

1 OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love. DODDRIDGE.

643 C. M.

The Coming Year.

1 OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,—
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect love. ANON.

644 L. M.

Gratitude for the Past.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future,—all to us unknown,—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

645 C. M.

Close of the Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

646 7s.

New Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find:
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy Word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

NEWTON.

647 5s & 12s.

The New Year

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

C. WESLEY.

648 C. M.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room. NEWTON.

649 C. M.

Looking Forward!

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

3 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

SIMON BROWNE.

650 C. M.

God's Continued Goodness.

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

651 C. M.

The Time is Short!

1 THE time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

2 The time is short! O sinners, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love. HOSKINS.

652 7s.

Review of the Past.

1 THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.

2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

4 Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment day.

5 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.

6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high! ANON.

653 C. M

Importance of Time.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death! WATTS.

654 C. M.

Redemption Drawing Nigh.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day! DODDRIDGE.

655 7s & 6s.

Life Rapidly Passing.

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul. S. F. SMITH.

MEETING AND PARTING.

656 C. M.

Meeting of Christians.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ. REED.

657 7s.

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again. NEWTON.

658 S. M.

Sparing Mercy.

1 AND are we yet alive
To see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

4 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain. C. WESLEY

659 6s & 5s.

Re-Union in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,—
Never,—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never! ALARIC A. WATTS.

660 C. M.

"Brethren, Farewell!"

1 BLESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart—
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

C. WESLEY.

661 L. M.

Parting Here, Union Hereafter.

1 STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith;
One in each other's faithful love;

2 Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy.
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy:

4 Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

5 There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all. BONAR.

662 8s & 7s.

Gather at the River.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace. ANON.

663 C. M.

Hope of Meeting.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

2 What though the northern wintry blast,
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

4 O, sacred hope! O, blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven. SUTTON.

FRAILTY OF MAN.

664 C. M.

Life Short, and Man Frail.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all. WATTS.

665 L. M.

Brevity of Life.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

MISS H. AUBER.

666 C. M.

The Brevity of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh. WATTS.

667 L. M.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.
WATTS.

668 S. M.

A Little While.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

4 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live,—who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away! BONAR.

669 C. M.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy feet can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven,—or hell. HEBER.

670 *Hasting to Our Home.* 7s & 6s.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love. J. BURTON.

671 *Flight of Time.* 8s & 7s.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning:
For now, etc.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow:"
For now, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! oh, forever!
For now, etc.

NELSON.

672

L. M.

Psalm xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

5 Oh, spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee!
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me forever dwell with thee.

ANNE STEELE.

673 S. M.

Importance of To-Day.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care:
Oh, be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night. DODDRIDGE.

DEATH.

---

674 L. M.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away:
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

MRS. BARBAULD.

675 L. M.

Death Not to be Feared.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

676 L. M.

Triumph Over Death.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

3 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

4 Then shall I learn the exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

DODDRIDGE

677 C. M.

Victory Over Death.

1 OH, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

WATTS.

678 C. M.

Preparation for Death.

1 IF I must die, oh, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood,—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'd boldly venture through. BEDDOME.

679 C. M.

God's Presence Makes Death Easy.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death. WATTS.

680 S. M.

The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

MONTGOMERY

681

8s & 7s.

The Dying Christian.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY

682

S. M

Not Death to Die!

1 IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing.
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To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

683 L. M

Asleep in Jesus!

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MARGARET MACKAY.

684 S. M.

Nearer My Home!

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

PHŒBE CARY.

685 S. H. M.

Friends Separated by Death.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

686 L. M.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

1 SAY why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

ANON.

687 L. M.

The Christian's Parting Hour.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

BATHURST

688 8s & 7s

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

COLLYER.

689 L. M.

Death of an Infant.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

ANNA STEELE

690 L. M.

The Good Fight Fought.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high;
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand.
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

M. BRUCE.

691 C. M.

Death a Temporary Separation.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now

3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

4 O Saviour, be our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

692 C. M.

Death of a Christian.

1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the parting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
Oh, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine. DALE.

BURIAL.

---

693 C. M

Death of Christian Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints be blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies. WATTS.

697 *Farewell to a Christian Sister.* 8s & 7s.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number:
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH

698 *The Christian Burial.* 7s

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release—
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

4 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned and glorified and blest.

BANCROFT

RESURRECTION.

699 C. M.

The Dead shall Live Again.

1 THRO' sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. WHITE

700 S. M.

"This Mortal shall put on Immortality."

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above. WATTS.

701 7s. 6l.

Life Brought to Light by the Gospel.

1 EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just:
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

2 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the gospel's light:
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all thy people save:
Ransomed by thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust. GURNEY

702 8s, 7s & 4.

Saints and Sinners Judged.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,—
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

NEWTON.

703

C. M.

Psalm xvi.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 'My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body to the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasures give;
Thy presence, joys unknown." WATTS.

704

C. M

Death and Resurrection.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die. STEELE.

705 C. M.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey:
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight. WATTS.

706 L. M.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong:
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

WATTS.

707 C. M.

Triumph Over Death.

1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

WATTS.

708 L. M.

The Saint's Hope.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below:
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. WATTS.

709 S. M.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

2 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

3 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

4 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery.

5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. C. WESLEY

710 C. M.

"Because I Live, Ye shall Live also."

1 WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away:
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day. ANON.

711 C. M.

Morning of the Resurrection.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

4 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

PEABODY.

712

C. M.

Job xix., 25, 26.

1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on the clouds shall come.

2 I know that he shall soon appear
In power and glory meet,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour,
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day.

4 I in my flesh shall see my God,
When he on earth shall stand;
I shall with all his saints ascend
To dwell at his right hand.

ANON.

713

C. M.

Resurrection and Inheritance.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home. WATTS

714 C. M

The Resurrection.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;—

2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfill'd,—
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
"O grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O death! thy sting?" ANON.

715 L. M

The Rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God. WATTS.

716 C. M.

The Bodies of the Saints Quickened.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord, our Saviour, die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high?
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

5 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust;
Your hymns of victory sing,
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King. RIPPON.

717 8s, 7s & 4s.

Lo, He Cometh!

1 LO, he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through the eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds;
They who pierced him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the royal sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

CENNICK.

718 S. M.

Rising to Judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there. DODDRIDGE.

719 S. M.

Longing for Deliverance.

1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again. BONAR.

JUDGMENT.

720 L. M.
The Lord Jesus Revealed from Heaven.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

721 C. M.
Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast:
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy Book,
Where my salvation stands. WATTS.

722 8s, 7s & 4s.

The Judge Coming.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand, and hear thine awful doom:
Trumpets call thee,
Stand, and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again:

"Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

ANON.

723 C. P. M.

Contemplation of Judgment.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t'insure,—
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

724 8s, 7s, & 4.

Christ Coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

WESLEY AND CENNICK

725 C. P. M.

Be Thou My Hiding-Place.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But,—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

C. WESLEY.

726 L. M.

The Lord's Coming.

1 THE Lord will come: the earth shall quake:
And hills their ancient seats forsake:
And, withering from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

HEBER

727 S. M

The Judge is Near.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King. BEDDOME.

728 L. M.

Psalm xcvii.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice!

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire!

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh! WATTS.

729 L. M.

Youth and Judgment.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasure you desire,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy Word,
Awake their souls to fear the Lord. WATTS.

HEAVEN.

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730 C. M.

The Attractions of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. WATTS.

731 L. M.

The Heavenly Land.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God. ANON.

732 C. M.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy. W. B. TAPPAN.

733 C. M

The Heavenly Mansion.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

734 6s & 4s.

My Home is in Heaven.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home. T. R. TAYLOR.

735

L. M. 6L.

Beautiful Zion.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light,—
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir,—
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace,—
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.
BEERS.

736

C. M.

The New Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. D. DICKSON.

737 7s & 6s.

The Paradise Eternal.

1 O PARADISE eternal,
What bliss to enter thee,
And once within thy portals,
Secure forever be!

2 In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.

3 There God shall be our portion,
And we his jewels be;
And gracing his bright mansions,
His smile reflect and see.

4 O paradise eternal,
What joys in thee are known!
O God of mercy, guide us,
Till all be felt our own. T. DAVIS.

738 7s.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

MONTGOMERY.

S. M.

739 *Dwelling with God.*

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul,—how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful Word
E'en here in me fulfil.

MONTGOMERY.

740 *I'm Going Home!* L. M.

1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

W. HUNTER.

741 *Rest in Heaven.* 8s & 6s.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear,—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

742 S. M.

Aspiration for Heaven.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Saviour, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And faith would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last! LYTE.

743 P. M.

Rest for the Weary!

1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn!

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you. ANON

744 C. M.

The Saints Above.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. WATTS.

745 S. M.

No Sorrow There!

1 O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high!

2 I love to sing of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

3 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there. ANON.

746 C. M.

Perfect Bliss!

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away. BEDDOME.

747 *Jerusalem the Golden.* 7s & 6s.

1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD, TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

748 *The Hope of Heaven.* C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. WATTS.

749 11s.

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask n o stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I heed not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MUHLENBURG.

750 C. M.

Children in Heaven.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came these children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

ANNA SHEPHERD.

751 7s & 6s.

Aspirations after Heaven.

1 OH, for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

2 Oh, for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above.

3 Oh, for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh, for the rest of lying
Forever at his feet!

4 Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

5 Jesus, thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.

6 Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter,
E'en now, before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On thee, and thee alone.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

752 9s, 4s, & 6s.

Love, Rest, and Home.

1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home—sweet, sweet home!
Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear loved ones at home.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c. BOD.

753 C. S.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling wind nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away. G. STENNETT.

754 C. M.

The Saints in Light.

1 HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo, these are they from suffering great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

WATTS, A. BY WILLIAM CAMERON.

755 L. M.

No Abiding City.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"—
This may distress the worldling's mind
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"—
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,—
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest!

THOMAS KELLY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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756 L. M.

Christ's Loving Kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies. MEDLEY.

757 7s & 6s.

Electing Love Acknowledged.

1 'TIS not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me:
Thou, from the sin that stain'd me,
Wash'd me and set me free,
And to this end ordain'd me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy call'd me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthrall'd me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

CONDER.

758 C. M.

Love Before Atonement.

1 'TWAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus, from his throne above,
A suffering man became.

2 'Twas not the death which he endured,
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That God's eternal love procured,
For God was love before.

3 He loved the world of his elect
With love surpassing thought;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of his breast
Towards his chosen burn;
And in his love he'll ever rest,
Nor from his oath return.

5 Still to confirm his oath of old,
See in the heavens his bow;
No fierce rebukes, but love untold
Awaits his children now. KENT.

759 7s & 6s.

Grace Acknowledged.

1 WHEN I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified.
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

3 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.
M'CHEYNE.

760 S. M. D.

Christ Sought Me!

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep. BONAR

761 C. M

Psalm lxxxix.

1 O GREATLY bless'd the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

2 They, in thy name, shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favour shall our horn
And power exalted be.

4 For God is our defence; and he
To us doth safety bring:
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

SCOTCH VERSION.

762 S. M.

The Songs of God.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own. WATTS.

763 C. M.

Psalm cxxi.

1 I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps;
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill;
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

SCOTCH VERSION.

764

C. M.

Lost, but Found!

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine. NEWTON.

765

C. M.

The Lost Found!

1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

NEEDHAM.

766 C. M.

One with Christ.

1 LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh height, oh depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree;
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by thee;
The pain, the curse, the wrath were thine
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee! J. G. DECK.

767 C. M.

Union with Christ.

1 O BLESSING rich, for sons of men
Members of Christ to be,
Joined to the holy Son of God
In wondrous unity.

2 O Jesus, our great Head divine,
From whom most freely flow
The streams of life and strength and warmth
To all the frame below:

3 Keep us as members sound and whole
Within thy body true;
Build us into a temple fair,
Meet stones in order due.

4 Keep us good branches of thy vine,
Large store of fruit to yield;
Keep us as sheep that wander not
From thy most pleasant field.

5 From one with God, O Jesus blest,
We are, when one with thee,
With saints on earth and saints at rest
A glorious company.

HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA

768

7s. D

Hidden in Christ.

1 JESUS, grant me this I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.
If the Evil One prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

2 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my souls to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.
Death will come one day to me;
Jesus, cast me not from thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side. ANON.

769 C. M.

"Abide in Me."

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

TOPLADY.

770 L. M. D.

Christ the Way.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all the paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way!"

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live:
I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

CENNICK.

771 8s & 7s.

Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

LYTE.

772 C. M.

The Bridegroom's Feast.

1 THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
The night-dews fall like rain:
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
And knocks, and knocks again.

2 I slumber; but my heart is moved
With joy and holy fear:
"Is it thy footstep, O beloved,
Thy hand, thy voice, I hear?"

3 "'Tis I, thy Lord, who stand and wait
Beneath the darkening sky:
Arise, unbar, unclose the gate,—
Fear nothing; it is I.

4 "The bread of life is in my hand;
The wine of heaven I bring;
Fulfil my tenderest last command:
The Bridegroom is thy King.

5 "Eat, drink; and muse in loving trust,
The while I sup with thee:"
If this be heaven on earth, what must
My bridal banquet be? BICKERSTET

773 11s.

The Firm Foundation.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition,—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leant for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

KEITH.

774 C. M.

The Name of Jesus Loved.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last, labouring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

775 7s.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

1 HARK! my soul; it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

COWPER.

776 C. P. M.

The Fulness of Christ's Love.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 Oh, that I could forever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss;
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

C. WESLEY.

777 L. M.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be, in heaven, my song.

J. WESLEY.

778 C. M.

Love to Christ.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne
To execute thy sacred will
And make thy glory known?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

779 L. M. 61.

More Love Desired.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or own is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

H. COLLINS.

780 8s & 7s.

The Sweetest Name.

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

4 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.
Then let us sing, around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus, etc.

CHORUS.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus:
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

E. ROBERTS.

781 6s & 4s.

Jesus Loved.

1 JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord! ANON.

782 7s. 6l.

Jesus Only.

1 BLESSED Saviour, thee I love
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live and thine to die;
Height or depth or earthly pow'r
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee. DUFFIELD.

783 8s & 7s. D.

A Miracle of Grace.

1 HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King;

Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way;
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love:
That blest moment I receive him
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace! WINGROVE.

784 L. M.

Why Jesus is Loved.

1 THE wondering world inquires to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"

2 All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine,
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

3 All over glorious is my Lord,
He is beloved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

WATTS.

785 C. M.

The Name of Jesus.

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear.
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God. ANON.

786 C. M.

Forever Loved.

1 YE souls for whom the Son did die,
In whom the Spirit dwells,
Your sweet amazement riseth high,
And strong your rapture swells.

2 Who spared not that Son divine?
Who sent that Spirit sweet?
Father, the work of love is thine,
The wonder is complete.

3 Lord! wouldst thou set thy love on me
And choose me in thy Son?
Lord! hath my heart been given to thee?
Hath love in me begun?

4 Ne'er let thy smile from me depart,
My heart from thee remove!
Eternal Lover, teach my heart
Thine own eternal love.

5 As on the endless ages roll
Let my glad song still be
"Forever hast thou loved my soul;
Lord! thou hast chosen me!"

THOMAS H. GILL.

787 C. M.

Hinder Me Not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 Let Christ, my Leader, speak the word,
His voice I'll ever hear;
"Hinder me not;" for where he went,
I'll follow without fear.

5 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

RYLAND AND STEWART.

788 7s & 6s.

I Need Thee, Jesus.

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

789 P. M.

The Life-Look!

1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him and be saved—
Unto him who was nail'd to the tree.

2 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul:
On him, then, who shed it, believing, at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath he endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

4 We are heal'd by his stripes;—wouldst thou add
to the Word?
And he is our righteousness made:
The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on:
Oh! couldst thou be better array'd?

5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has
declared,
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appear'd;
And completed the work he begun.

6 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives:
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

7 There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as he.

AMELIA MATILDA HULL.

790

7s & 6s.

Jesus Paid it All.

1 NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done:
Yes, "Finished!" was his cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so!
Cease your "doing:" all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
All "doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete. PROCTER.

791

7s.

The Convert's Choice.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign. MONTGOMERY.

792

S. H. M.

Excellence of Faith.

1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life. ANON.

793 7s, 6s & 5s

Work While it is Called Day.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs:
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their brighter tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er. ANON.

794 8s.

The Better Country.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

795 L. M.

For Christians in Convention.

1 FROM distant corners of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before thee stand,
Once more prepared to thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne, in union sweet.

3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
The brethren's good, the Church's weal;
O whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand!

4 We meet, O God, that through our land,
The churches planted by thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom like gardens blest by thee.

5 Smile on us, Lord, and through this place
Diffuse the glory of thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

796 S. M.

Morning Family Worship.

1 FATHER of life and light,
To thee our song we raise:
For all the mercies of the night
Accept our humble praise.

2 Thy providential care
Our morning board has spread;
O may our souls thy favour share,
And eat the living bread.

3 Thus strengthened by thy grace,
In duty's path to run,
Our faith and hope in Christ we place,
And say,—Thy will be done!

4 And when the vesper's peal
From toil recalls us home,
Before thy mercy-seat we'll kneel,
And pray—Thy kingdom come!

S. FLETCHER.

797 C. M.

Evening Family Worship.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day. K. WHITE.

798 7s. 6l.

For a Marriage.

1 SAVIOUR, let thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with thy presence blest;
Ratify the nuptial vow:
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with thee.

2 Thou in Cana didst appear,
At a marriage feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board—
Joy that earth cannot afford.

3 We no miracle require—
Turning water into wine—
All our panting hearts desire
Is to taste thy love divine:
Holy influence from above
Consecrating earthly love.

4 Let the path our friends pursue
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.

RAFFLES.

799

6s & 4s.

1 Samuel, x. 24.

1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

800 L. M

Universal Praise.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy Word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

2

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

3

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

5

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

6

7s.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to thee
Now and through eternity.

7

7s, 6L.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

8

7s, 6L.

BLESSING, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit, and the Word:
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

9

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

10

7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favour
Each ransomed spirit sings:

We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story,
Of thy redeeming love.

11

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more!

12

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—
Priest and King, enthroned above,
Praise the Fountain of salvation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

13

8s & 7s, 6L.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

14

8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

15

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host
And in the Church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

16

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

17

H. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One
All worship be addressed:
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

18

5s & 6s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth
All praise be addressed
To God in three persons—
One God ever blest:
As hath been, and now is,
And always shall be.

19

6s & 4s.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven!

20

10s & 11s.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace
The gift of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

1

Te Deum Laudamus.

1 WE praise | thee, O | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord;

2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

3 To thee all angels | cry a-loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers · there- | in.

4 To thee cherubim and | sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

5 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise— | thee; || the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee;

7 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee; || the Holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee,

8 The Father of an | infi-nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son;

9 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the | Com- | fort- | er.

10 Thou art the King of | glory, · O | Christ; || thou art the ever- | lasting | Son · of the | Father.

11 When thou tookest upon thee to- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a virgin.

12 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, ‖ thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.

13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, ‖ in the | glory | of the | Father.

14 We believe that | thou shalt | come, ‖ to be | our— | Judge.

15 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

16 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting.

17 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; ‖ govern them, and | lift them | up for- | ever.

18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee, ‖ and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out— | end.

19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, ‖ to keep us | this day | without | sin.

20 O Lord, have | mercy · up- | on us, ‖ have | mercy | upon | us.

21 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, ‖ as our | trust— | is in | thee

22 O Lord, in | thee, in | thee have I | trusted; | let me | never | be confounded. Amen!

2

Trisagion.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full | of thy | glory.

2 Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Ho- | sanna | in the | highest!

3

Tersanctus.

THEREFORE with angels, and archangels, and with all the company of | heaven, | we laud and magnify thy glorious | name, | evermore praising thee, and | saying, | Holy, | Holy, | Holy Lord | God of | hosts; | Heaven and earth are | full of | thy | glory: Glory be to | thee, O | Lord, Most | High. | Amen.

4

Gloria Patri.

GLORY be to the | Father, and | to the | Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost; As it | was in the be- | ginning, is | now, and ever | shall be, | world without end. A= | men.

5

Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd;—I | shall..not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;—
He leadeth me beside the | still= | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul;—he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his | name's = sake.—

4 Yea,—though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;—for thou art with me;—
thy rod and thy | staff..they | comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:—
thou anointest my head with oil;—my | cup ..runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;—
and I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord.. for- | ever

6

Psalm lxvii.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us;

2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
and govern the | na-tions | upon | earth.

5 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

7 God | shall— | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— |
him.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

7

Psalm xc. (Responsive.)

1 LORD, thou hast been our | dwelling- | place
In | all — | gene- | rations.

2 *Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever*
thou hadst formed the | earth · and the | world,
Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art
| God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction;
And sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children · of | men.

4 *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as*
yesterday | when · it is | past,
And as a | watch— | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they
are | as a | sleep:
In the morning they are like | grass which |
groweth | up.

6 *In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up;*
In the evening it is cut | down, and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger,
And by thy | wrath— | are we | troubled.

8 *Thou hast set our iniquities | before | thee,*
Our secret sins in the | light | of thy | counte- | nance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy— wrath:
We spend our years as a | tale— | that is | told.

10 *The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be | four-score | years,*
Yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly | away.

11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger?
Even according to thy fear, | so— | is thy | wrath.

12 *So teach us to | number · our | days,*
That we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

8

Psalms xcv. and xcvi.

1 O H, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving;
And make a joyful | noise unto | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God ;
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hands are the deep places | of the | earth ;
And the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his, | and he | made it ;
And his hands | formed the | dry | — land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship, | and bow | down,
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker :

7 For he is | our— | God ;
And we are the people of his pasture and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness ;
Fear be- | fore him | all the | earth :

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth ;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo-ple | with his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be,
World | with-out | end. A- | men.

BAPTISMAL.

9

Buried with Christ.

1 BURIED with Christ by | baptism · unto | death,—
We rise in the | likeness · of his | res-ur- | rection.

2 If ye then be | risen · with | Christ,
Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the | right — | hand of | God.

3 For as many as have been baptized into Christ
have | put on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your
| spir-it, | which are | God's.

4 Reckon ye yourselves to be dead in- | deed ··
unto | sin,—
But alive unto God through | Je-sus | Christ
our | Lord.

5 If we be dead with him, we shall | al-so | live
with him.
If we suffer with him, we shall | al-so | reign
with him.

6 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
whose | sin is | covered.
Blessed is the man to whom the Lord im- | pu-
teth | not in- | iquity.

10

1 GO ye therefore, and | teach all | nations,—
Baptizing them in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and | of the | Ho-ly | — Ghost.

2 Repent, and be baptized every | one of | you
In the name of Christ, for the re- | mis-sion | of
— | sins.

3 Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins,
calling on the | name · of the | Lord.
For thus it becometh us to ful- | fil all | right-
eous- | ness.

4 Glory be to the Father, and to | the | Son,—
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

5 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er
| shall be,
World — | with-out | end. A- | men.

11 *"Blessed are the Dead."*

1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord, from | henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, | and their | works do | follow them.

2 For if we believe that Jesus died and | rose a- | gain;
Even so them also which sleep in Jesus | will God | bring with | him.

3 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the | trump of | God:
And the dead in | Christ — | shall rise | first.

4 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection:
On such the second death | hath no | power;
But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
And shall reign with | him a | thou-sand | years.

5 Unto him that loved us,
And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father;
To him be glory and do- | minion ·· for- | ever · · and | ever. A- | men.

12 *"Thy Will be Done."*

1 "THY will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine:
"Thy will be | done."

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours; to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

(Close by repeating the first two measures—"Thy will be done.")

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